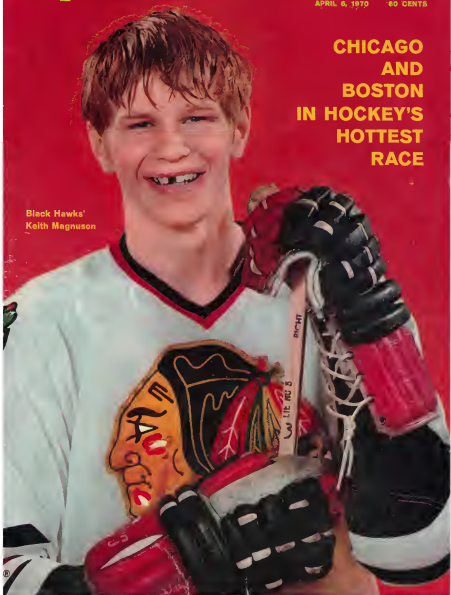


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APRIL 6, 1979 60 CENTS

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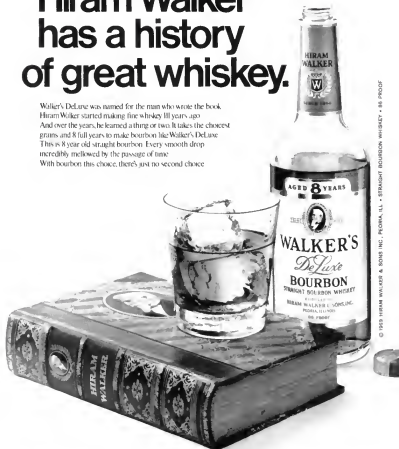


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Next week

BASEBALL 1978 is explored in a lively package that includes William F. Ryan's look at prospects for the season ahead, scouting reports on the four major league divisions (with an indication of who will meet in next fall's pennant play-off), color photographs of National and American League stars in action, a personality portrait by Alfred Wright of the Baltimore Orioles' engaging link to manager Earl Weaver and Jerry Kirbybaum's nostalgic look at the storied House of David baseball team. Plus all the usual news and features.



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Everyone who enters wins first prize, an 18" x 24" original Mort Drucker poster. (It's not exactly a cabin cruiser, but at least you're a winner.)

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To enter, visit your local men's furnishing store or department store and look for the Downy Touch display. While you're there pick up a pair of Esquire Socks Downy Touch. They come in 55 colors and cost only \$1.50. It's your big chance to become a winner, and get a pretty neat poster at the same time.



You can't wear black socks with everything.

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Second prize: MG Sports Car



Esquire Socks Downy Touch

Tom Weiskopf and American Red Ball, two moving pros, compare driving techniques.



Tom Weiskopf, one of golf's longest drivers and a top money winner on the PGA tour

"Good driving is a matter of fundamentals. The most important thing is to make sure that your equipment fits. Clubs are as different as people. Ask your pro to help you pick the size that's right for you. Once you get your clubs, practice

The drive should be the easiest shot in golf. After all, the ball is just sitting there on the tee begging to be hit. But the biggest mistake golfers make is hurrying and jumping at the ball before their backswing is complete.

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Tom Radigan, Radigan & McGilly Moving & Storage, Cleveland, Ohio, American Red Ball agent.

"Good driving is a matter of fundamentals on the highway as well. Tom. Our drivers average over ten years experience, but they still rely on the fundamentals. As far as equipment goes, we use the best.

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Cadillac  70

Follow the Masters golf telecast, presented by Cadillac, April 11 and 12, CBS-TV.



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SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

DENNY McLAIn (CONT.)

Stories that Denny McLain will be "absolved" by a Federal grand jury in Detroit are irresponsible and may be disregarded. Federal grand juries do not absolve anyone of anything. They indict or do not indict someone. Occasionally, they name a person a co-conspirator; to get inside information of a criminal activity, the Government often gives a participant a choice between being prosecution witness or defendant.

McLain has admitted that he engaged in bookmaking activities in 1967. Whether or not the grand jury eventually names him as a co-conspirator matters little, he is likely to be a prosecution witness in a subsequent Government case against anyone who is indicted.

Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn cannot even be considering "absolution." The duration of McLain's suspension is the only issue.

BEAR MARKET, POLAR STYLE

The meat of the polar bear is tough and strong to the palate but it is rich in protein. Polar bear meat and hide, the latter for clothing, are almost invaluable to men trying to live off the land the big white bear inhabits. Or it used to be that way. In a sense it still is, but the terms of usefulness have changed. The bear now represents dollars.

When the white man came to the white bear's habitat he brought with him more efficient methods of hunting than the Eskimo ever knew, and along with them a desire for trophies the Eskimo never understood. During the construction of the DEWline there was indiscriminate slaughter of the big bears. To counteract it, the Canadian Wildlife Service put the bears on a quota system, the quota varying with a bear census and constituting, in effect, a controlled harvest by the Eskimos. Before the quota the average polar bear kill in the Canadian Arctic was about 600, somewhere near the maximum the bear population could stand. In 1967-68 the quota was set at 383 an-

imals, it was 413 for the next year, and 390 for the 1969-70 season. Actual kill has consistently run a few animals under the fixed quota.

The quota system permitted no white man to take a bear. Just Eskimos. This year, for the first time, the Northwest Territories government has given the Eskimo owner of a permit the option either to use his permit himself or sell it to a white hunter.

Terms of the leased hunt stipulate that no aircraft or snowmobiles are allowed. Hunters coming in must buy the permit from the Eskimo holder, then buy the Eskimo's guide service, which stipulates that each hunter must hire two guides and two dog teams, on the ground that only in that way can the natives guarantee the necessary equipment (caribou clothing) and service (a place to stay before and after the hunt). The Eskimos get the meat but skin out the trophy for the hunter. Likely charge: \$2,000 per hunter.

LESS BULL, MORE PEN

When the Athletics were in Kansas City one of Owner Charles G. Finley's many outlandish innovations was a small zoo behind the visitors' bullpen, where the grandstand ended. This season the Royals will use part of the area in a much more practical manner. They will take over the left field bullpen and behind it, in the old zoo area, will install an enclosed batting cage and a pitching machine. Prospective home-team pinch hitters can go there to loosen up by taking a few swipes at pitched balls.

General Manager Cedric Tallis points out that the cage will be particularly useful when Manager Charlie Metro knows an inning or so in advance that he will be using a pinch hitter. As, for instance, when a pitcher leaves the game before the inning in which he is due to bat. Whoever will hit for him can spend a few minutes in the cage.

If the idea works (and why not?),

warmup cages for pinch hitters may become as standard as hullpens for relief pitchers.

OLYMPICS NORTHERN STYLE

What this continent needs is more events like the first biannual Arctic Winter Games at Yellowknife in Canada, sure proof that one does not require a lot of sun to have fun. Some 800 athletes from the Yukon, Northwest Territories and Alaska packed the tiny gold-mining town to whoop it up at 35° below and in one wild week produced some new sports events that the big Winter Games might copy. Like whip snapping, for example, though the Eskimos would be sure to swoon all the medals in that, since it is 11 stiff to dogsledgers. Then there was a form of gymnastics in which competitors do body rolls around a seal-hide trapeze hung inside an igloo. This year's winner managed only 11 rolls because he was too bundled up to roll well.



And the Alaskan blanket toss also was a bust because the blanket grips froze and snapped off in the cold weather before a winner could be determined. But there is always Arctic weight lifting—in which the weights are suspended by thongs from the ears of the contestants, and the medal winner is the man with both ears still attached when it is all over. The official medals were copies of the fan-shaped Eskimo skinning knives called Ukas just about everybody got a medal—and the games

were climaxed with a huge torchlight parade that nobody in town really saw because everybody was in it, carrying torches. It was a nice, warming touch. Your move, Mr Brundage.

RUDY'S BON APPETIT

During the NCAA basketball championships at College Park, Md., Lou Henson, coach of New Mexico State's third-place entry, had some kind words to say about Rudy Franco, his 6' 5", 205-pound senior forward. "Rudy doesn't get to play much," Henson conceded, "but he's valuable to the team with his all-out spirit and hustle. Every team needs a Rudy Franco."

Not every team can afford him. At one recent sitting Rudy ate 32 scrambled eggs along with uncounted slices of toast, all of it washed down with six glasses of milk.

EXCELSIOR!

It probably won't replace basketball as Indiana's favorite pastime, but the first U.S. Interscholastic catapult competition in Indianapolis, between Culver Military Academy and Park School, could become a major Hoosier rock festival.

Park began catapulting on an intramural basis in 1966 as the outgrowth of a Latin class study of Julius Caesar and his catapults. "One of the students, David Leve," explained Bernard Barco, Latin instructor and catapult coach, "suggested we build a catapult. A friend of his had brought some plastic models back from Germany. So we built Mars I. Now we have Mars II, which is three years old. Mars I was five feet high with an arm 10 to 12 feet long. Mars II is 24 feet high with a 20-foot arm. It's powered by a four-foot counterweight."

In 1967 Barco wrote to Harvard and Yale, in Latin, challenging them to build a catapult and compete with Park. He heard nothing. A year ago he wrote to John Roos, Latin instructor at Culver, also in Latin, and Culver accepted for this year. Its catapult, hauled 100 miles to the "Campus Martius" battlefield on Park's athletic grounds, was eight feet tall and used the twisted-rope-torsion principle for power.

With Barco and Roos dressed in the uniforms of Roman generals, Park challenged Culver in Latin: "*Provocamus? Venite et vincimus!*" or, as we say, "You are challenged! Come and be con-

tinued



JACK DANIEL'S CAVE SPRING used to be a hideout for all kinds of scoundrels. We're glad things have since quieted down in that area.

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SCORECARD *continued*

quered!" Culver answered with a long prayer to Jupiter.

Jupiter muffed it. Park won every weight class. Its 10-pound stone, the smallest used, traveled 238 feet to Culver's 27.5, its 30-pound stone went 100 feet 4 inches to Culver's 42 feet. Park also hurled a Greek fireball (a flaming five-pound rock) 238 feet 6 inches in an exhibition.

"My original goal, which hasn't been attained," said Bancro. "is to hurl a 100-pound stone 100 yards. The Romans used to hurl 500-pound stones 500 feet. It cost them quite a few men. We won't do that."

POLICING THE TV BEAT

Law officials here and there have taken exception to the way Joe Higgins, TV actor, portrays a squat, swaggering Southern sheriff in a series of Dodge television commercials. Higgins peers out from behind tinted glasses, calls everyone "boy" and generally plays the law and order fool while the commercial stresses what a sporty car Dodge makes.

Robert M. Charamonte, Ohio highway patrol superintendent was sufficiently miffed to write Chrysler Corporation and protest the commercials as depicting policemen in "a most objectionable manner." The letter contained a warning that his agency might stop buying Chrysler products if the ads weren't changed.

There will be a change. M. G. Moggee, Dodge advertising manager, replied, that "we're going to make him [the TV sheriff] into a lather image—participating in Little League. We never intended to dilute the image of law enforcement."

So don't be surprised if you turn on the tube some night soon and see Higgins dressed in a mask and chest protector, growling, "Take your base, boy!"

WEE WILLIE WHOOPEE

It is some 63 years since Rudyard Kipling was guest of honor at a meeting of the Pacific Northwest Golf Association, held in Victoria, British Columbia. Now the U.S. Golf Association's *Golf Journal* has rediscovered an effect of that meeting, a hitherto forgotten poem by Kipling written in commemoration of the event. The poem was recalled by Joshua Green, 100-year-old member of the Seattle Golf Club, when the *Golf Journal* asked him for an account of the historic Seattle-Victoria interclub se-

ries. It was published in the *Victoria Colonist* in 1907 and described the morning after of what appears to have been a most convivial PNWGA affair and, so far as we know, never has been included in a Kipling anthology, or any other. It goes like this:

A gilded mirror, and a polished bar,
Myriads of glasses strewn afar;
A kind faced man all dressed in white,
That's my recollection of last night.

The streets were narrow and far too long,
Sidewalks slippery, policemen strong;
The slamming door, the sea-going
huck,
That's my recollection of getting
huck.

A rickety staircase and hard to climb,
But I rested often, I'd lots of time;
An awkward keyhole and a misplaced
chair,
Informed my wife that I was there.

A heated interior and a revolving bed,
A sea-sick man with an awful head;
Cocktails, Scotch and booze galore,
Were all introduced to the cuspidor.

And in the morning came that jug
of ice,

Which is necessary to men of vice,
And when it stilled my aching brain,
Did I swear off?—I got drunk again!

THEY SAID IT

* **Harry Sinden**, Boston Bruins coach, **joked** if **Bobby Orr** played one of his best games after the Bruins' star scored two goals and two assists against Minnesota: "Yes, I guess you can say it was one of his best games—he's had about 70 of them."

* **Abe Lemons**, Oklahoma City basketball coach, asked whether he had spotted former Jacksonville Coach **Joe Williams**, former OCU player under Lemons, as a future success in the coaching ranks: "Why, certainly. I knew when he was a freshman he would go a long way. The first road trip he made as a freshman he ordered frogs legs at \$4.25."

* **Juan Marichal**, Giants' \$125,000 pitcher, on baseball's innovations to help hitters: "They give them everything. They've shortened the fences, lowered the mound, reduced the strike zone and put in AstroTurf. Someday they might stop after every hitter on every club asks for \$150,000."

END



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tell them about
the crushed Oyster.

We dropped a standard Rolex Oyster case (the Explorer, guaranteed down to 330 feet) into a pressure tank.

Then we took the pressure down to 1,000 feet to see what happened.

Nothing happened.

Then we went down to 1,500 feet. And nothing happened.

At 1,700 feet the crystal began to bend a bit.

And at 1,900 feet the back showed signs of bending.

At 2,000 feet the crystal and the back bent severely. And if there had been a movement inside it would have been crushed. But it wouldn't have been wet. The Oyster case was still watertight.

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THE DESPERATE HOURS

Their names are not Hull and Orr, but in the heat of the Chicago-Boston hockey race last week they endured the same heavy pressures. This is how it was with the redhead and the swinger **by MARK MULVOY and GARY RONBERG**



As the week began, the loosest player in the National Hockey League's tightest playoff race ever was Derek Sanderson, 23, center of the Boston Bruins. He awoke in a mood, round head undreamed of in his street-fighting, high school-dropout days, picked up a phone from the white sheepskin rug and dialed his answering service. Little Joe, as Sanderson is sometimes called, had received no messages in the night from his idol, Big Joe Namath. Sanderson ran a brush over his razor-cut hair, put on a pair of flowered bell-bottoms and a shirt the color of orange sherbet and walked outside to his gold 1970 Continental Mark III. The plates read *BRUINS 16*. "They're welded on," said the Bruins' No. 16. "They'd be stolen every day if they weren't."

Derek drove to practice at Harvard's Watson Rink. In the dressing room Coach Harry Sinden announced a change of travel plans for Wednesday's game in New York: the Bruins would fly out that night instead of the next morning because of the air controllers' slowdown. Sanderson was annoyed. "I had a date with Jackie tonight," he said. "No, with Susan, I forgot. Jackie was the backup."

In Chicago that morning the Black Hawks' rookie defenseman Keith Magnuson (see cover) studied the bathroom mirror. He saw worry in the eyes looking back from his choir-boy face. He slicked down his Huck Finn mop of red hair and examined the bruise over his left eye. Keith Magnuson, 23, late of Denver University and wars with Michigan Tech and Cornell: overnight a man of heavy responsibility with a contender for the NHL championship. Boston a point ahead. Gotta beat Detroit next. Gotta stop Gordie Howe.

Magnuson shook his roommate, Cliff Koroll, awake and in a while drove somberly to practice in his sporty white 1970 Olds. Coach Billy Reay was having travel troubles, too. The Hawks would fly to Detroit that night, not the next afternoon. A couple of players were caught with their topcoats at the cleaners. Bobby Hull offered his to Gerry Pinder, who quickly discovered just how muscular the Golden Jet really is. The shoulders were down to here, the sleeves up to there. Bobby broke up. Magnuson managed a thin grin.

In New York, Sanderson checked in at the Bruins' hotel, then took a taxi to Bachelors III. Big Joe, former part owner, was not there. Sanderson had a fast meal and beat Sinden's 11:15 p.m. curfew. At noon the next day he was back at Bachelors III with Gary Deak, a Boston defenseman, and the brothers Orr, Bobby and 15-year-old Doug, who was on a school holiday and traveling with the Bruins as gatekeeper and alternate stick boy. They ate steaks and discussed the enemy. "The Rangers can't afford to lose tonight," said Bobby. "If they do, they'll probably miss the playoffs."

"They'll be gone, Bobby," said Derek.

Boston had not defeated an East Division team on

a weekend

Goats Tony Esposito skates behind net to help Keith Magnuson clear puck in record-setting shutout of Detroit. At right, Derek Sanderson lifts his stick after clinching victory over Rangers.



the road all season, but that didn't bother Derek. "When we go out and hit the other team early," he said, "we usually win. We haven't been doing that on the road. But wait and see, there will be a lot of fights tonight."

Sanderson went to Times Square to find the movie *M*A*S*H*, then to Madison Square Garden. During the pregame warmup the New York crowd waved rubber chickens in Sanderson and the Bruins. Boston's Wayne Cashman grabbed one and brought it into the dressing room. Sanderson took it and hung it up in the center of the room. "We'll show 'em who's chicken," he snarled.

In the game's first minute Cashman charged a Ranger and was sent to the penalty box. Trying to play roughhouse themselves, the Rangers were hit with penalties. Boston promptly scored a pair of power-play goals. Later in the first period big Oland Kurtenbach gave Sanderson a solid elbow to the jaw in a scuffle behind the Boston goal. "He was out to get me," Derek said. "Just watch. We'll go at it before long."

Early in the second period Kurtenbach scored from close in to make it 2-1. "I should have been on the ice against his line," Sanderson said, "but I was having some trouble. I was back in the dressing room vomiting." Moments after that goal Sanderson and Kurtenbach had their fight. Derek, who was conceding two inches and 25 pounds, did not win, but he probably deserved a draw. He skated to the penalty box with his arms raised high. "Look at him," Ranger Coach Emile Francis was heard to say. "I'd like to punch him in the nose."

"That was my peace sign," Sanderson said.

Seven policemen moved near the box to protect the man of peace from the fans, who were waving the rubber chickens. Near the end of the period Boston was penalized again, giving the Rangers an excellent opportunity to tie the game. Sanderson, hockey's best penalty killer, skated onto the ice. Soon the puck went to the Rangers' Rod Gilbert, who lined up a slap shot. Sanderson recklessly skated in front of the puck, crouching to block it. The puck crashed against his shin guard and rebounded toward the New York goal. Eddie Guoman, the Rangers' goaltender, moved after the puck but, realizing Sanderson would get there first, skated back into his crease



On wheels to begin the kind of rush that has produced a phenomenal scoring lead.

Sanderson coolly moved in on Guoman. A goal now, he knew, would probably crush the Rangers not only in this game but for the playoffs as well. Sanderson deftly pulled Guoman to his left and slid the puck between the goalie's legs. The Bruins preserved their 3-1 margin the rest of the game.

"So Chicago's playing the Red Wings," Sanderson said afterward. "Let 'em play. I wouldn't go to see the Hawks if they were playing next door. We're both hot. The first team that gets skeptical will lose. I don't talk losing. It's winning with me all winning."

In Detroit, Keith Magnuson caught the Boston score on TV and went nervously to bed. He was still a touch jittery next day, and shopping with Koroll didn't help. He had steak at 2 p.m. and tried to take a nap. Sleep

would not come. At 5:30 he and the rest of the Hawks went by bus to Olympia Stadium.

The city of Detroit was caught up in a delicious case of playoff fever. Fans, starved for hockey as they used to know it in the glory days of the 1950s, snapped up all the standing-room tickets by early afternoon, and not even the oldest Howe-Lindsay-Abel worshippers could remember the last time that happened. As the game began traffic on Grand River Avenue was so jammed many fans missed the first 10 minutes.

Magnuson lost his jitters in a hurry, thanks to Gordie Howe. With a minute on so gone, Howe caught the rookie and the referee, looking elsewhere and to the delight of the crowd jerked Magnuson's feet out from under him in front of the Chicago net. When he was only 10 Magnuson had sent away for an au-

tographed picture of Howe, who obliged with, "Good luck and best wishes to my friend Keith." Nevertheless, in his first game at Olympia last November, Magnuson dropped his gloves to do battle with the man who never loses. Howe cuffed Magnuson's ears and turned away, muttering to Doug Jarrett, Keith's partner on defense, "He's a tough kid, but he'll learn."

Now Magnuson was playing spirited, flawless hockey, the kind that in just one season has made him the Hawks' chief fire-lighter. The teams wheeled through the first period without scoring, then the second. Chicago's rookie goalie Tony Esposito and Detroit's Roy Edwards were sensational. Deep into the third period the Hawks saw some daylight. Keroll put a nifty pass on Pit Martin's stick. Martin fired once, then gobbled up the rebound and flipped a backhand shot high into the net behind Edwards. Esposito made the 1-0 advantage stand up for his 14th shut-out of the season—and that was a new NHL record.

When the buzzer finally sounded the goalie lunged after the puck but was overwhelmed by his teammates. They made sure he got it. "Usually I'm one of the first to congratulate Tony," Magnuson said, "but tonight I was one of the last. I was just limp. The pressure of that game was unbelievable, I kept seeing Howe tying us in the last 30 seconds, the way he beat us once earlier in the year. Pressure like this. I'm not used to it."

In the dressing room Esposito celebrated by nicking himself with a razor. Bobby Hull croaked, "When I was 21 it was a very good year . . ." He told Magnuson, "Maggie, this could be a very good year."

"This," said Derek Sanderson, "will be an ugly weekend." The prospect of back-to-back games with Detroit had etched a trace of skepticism on the non-skeptic. "They're the toughest team for us. The old men—Gordie Howe, Alex Delvecchio—get the job done. They're used to the pressure. They've played for first place and the cup before."

As Derek dressed for Saturday's matinee he did some self-psyching. "A hockey player must have three things planted in his head: hate, greed and jealousy," he declared. "He must hate the other guy, he must be greedy for the puck and he

must be jealous when he loses. Hockey players without those traits don't survive too long around here."

In the uproarious Boston Garden there were more banners than usual, one of them hailing the officials as *awesome*, *muso*, *sick*. It was a reckless, high-scoring game and not one of Sanderson's better ones. Boston blew a 3-1 lead to the old smoothies, Howe and Delvecchio, and went behind 5-4 with seven minutes left. Orr came to the rescue with less than four minutes remaining, scoring his 31st goal of the season and raising his league-leading point total to 112. The Bruins should have done better at home, still they were grateful for the 5-5 tie and the point that put them two up on Chicago in the standings.

As the Hawks flew into Toronto Friday, Magnuson was worried again, this time about the crowds of pals and relatives who always show up at the hotel in that hallowed hockey city to barter with the players. He had another worry: "You open the paper," Magnuson said, "and there the Leafs are in last place. It takes a lot to get up for them. But now's the time to make hay."

Haying was only so-so Saturday night in Maple Leaf Gardens as the Hawks and Leafs played a 1-1 tie. Toronto was loose, Chicago flat. Magnuson survived a heavy check by Bob Pallard that smashed his face against the boards. "Really, all that hurts is my lips," Keith said later.

"If anyone's got tough lips," said Keroll, "it's you."

The Bruins arrived in Detroit Saturday night as the Chicago game was ending. There was a rush to turn on television sets. "Chicago and Toronto a 1-1 final," Sanderson heard Eddie Westfall yell.

"I'm going to kiss the Toronto goalie," Sanderson announced. "We're still in first place, right? Anyway, I'd rather play on the road than in Boston. I go better when I get booed. I never have any problem busting people."

Derek hustled four or five Red Wings Sunday afternoon in a game of furious action but hit the goalpost late in the third period with what might have been the winning shot. The final score: 2-2.

Back in Chicago for a return game Sunday night with the Leafs, Magnuson gave earnest thought to Billy Reay's



Superheroes Howe and Hull meet rudely

stern warning not to take unnecessary penalties. "I got mad out there and I'm not afraid to fight anyone," he said. "But we've come too far for one individual to louse things up now." Louse them up he did not. Gerry Pinder scored goal No. 1 for Chicago and then little Tough Lips ignited a picture play that all but broke the Leafs' spirit. He caught the Leafs napping by threading a perfect pass out to Jim Pappin at the Chicago blue line, who whipped it to Pinder busting into the Toronto end, who scored while falling down. Bobby Hull added two pretty goals and Tony Esposito had his 15th shutout.

And so it was that the desperate week ended in deadlock, with a nervous redhead and a swinging dude tied a mile high for the season's last three games.

END

TWO DERBIES DOWN, ONE TO GO

My Dad George is the best in Florida. Terlago is the class of California and they move on to that race in Kentucky. Back at the barn, Silent Screen nurses his wounds, but don't count him out yet by **WHITNEY TOWER**

You could call it the Flamingo rerun or simply the Championship of Greater Miami, but any way you look at it last week's 19th running of the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park proved a number of interesting things. The most important are that My Dad George and Corn Off The Cob are the two best 3-year-olds in Florida—in that order—and that Naskra deserves the antichlorax award of the month. Twice in four weeks he has come up with an attack of either nerves or fever on the eve of a \$100,000 stakes race.

In the Flamingo, My Dad George had been forced wide entering the stretch and then just got up in time to beat Corn Off The Cob by a skimpy nose. This time, under a cool ride by Ray Broussard, the son of Kentucky Derby winner Dark Star saved ground every inch of the way, slipped inside of the pacesetter Cassie Red and then outduelled Corn Off The Cob in a dramatic stretch run to win by a neck. That clinched his superiority over the Florida-based Triple Crown nominees, and brought his owner, theatrical producer Raymond Curtis, up to earnings of \$264,755 on his \$13,500 investment.

Being a Florida-bred, My Dad George inspired the Gulfstream crowd of 26,139 into believing that they had just watched the winner of the 1970 Kentucky Derby. They could be right: two Florida-breds—Needles and Carry Back—went on to win the Kentucky Derby after winning this one. They could also be wrong: two other Florida-breds—In Reality and Top Knight—did not. And, of course, not all the country's leading 3-year-olds happened to be in south Florida last Saturday afternoon. The Santa Anita Derby was run the same day and won by Terlago (page 25), while a group of colts in New York was preparing for this week's one-mile Gotham and the April 18th Wood Memorial. In that bunch are the early Derby winter-book favor-

ite Silent Screen (injured in his losing effort in the Flamingo), Personality, High Echelon, Burd Alane, Bell Bird and maybe the best of the lot, Sunny Tim, the Calumet Farm speedster whose owners will show, by avoiding Kentucky race tracks, their displeasure at the way the state's racing authorities treated his stablemate, Forward Pass, after the scandalous 1968 Derby.

Silent Screen will be the main attraction at Aqueduct's Gotham, and at a mile last season's 2-year-old champion should be hard to beat. Still, he has nursed some training time, he is susceptible to nicking his own legs and both Owner Sonny Werblin and Trainer Bowles Bond have been disturbed on and off all season by certain inconsistencies in the colt's blood count. From here on, everything has to be going his way if he is to make Kentucky. Burd Alane has won twice over a distance this winter, and with the rest he's had since the March 3rd Flamingo this son of Sea-Bird should show improvement.

Bell Bird, another Sea-Bird colt, may be one of those who improve simply because he has returned to New York from Hialeah. "We may get him to the Wood," says Trainer Elliott Burch, "but at the moment all I want of him is to be less of a boy and more of a man. I think of *not* going to Kentucky, but hope I may be pleasantly surprised." Both High Echelon and Personality were taught racing manners by the late Hirsch Jacobs. If his son John inherits the old man's accord with thoroughbreds much can be expected of them, too.

And there is Naskra, winner of the Everglades and second to Corn Off The Cob in the Fountain of Youth Stakes. On the Friday before the Flamingo he came up with a temperature and missed the race. Last week the same thing happened on the morning of the Florida Derby. His trainer, Phil Johnson, plans to send him directly to Keeneland

to train for the April 23rd Blue Grass Stakes, a nine-furlong test he *must* make if there is to be any hope for his appearance in the Kentucky Derby.

When the nine runners broke away from the gate on Saturday, Cassie Red must have thought he was a quarter horse with 400 yards to go for all the money. By the time he was midway up the backstretch he had an eight-length lead over Ring For Nurse. Corn Off The Cob was in good position, fourth along the rail, while My Dad George was behind him, also along the rail in sixth position. Going into the far turn, after fractions of 0:23½, 0:46½ and 1:10½ for the three-quarters, Cassie Red and his rider, Walter Blum, started backing up a bit and Corn Off The Cob closed in with a quick move. My Dad George was fifth.

Turning for home, still in front, Blum went slightly wide with Cassie Red, and Angel Cordero on Corn Off The Cob was forced to do the same. A fraction of a second earlier Cordero might have been able to swing inside, but now it was too late. Broussard, still hugging the rail with My Dad George, slipped into the hole. When they had all straightened for home, Cassie Red clung to his lead, My Dad George on the inside and Corn Off The Cob on the outside. They went stride for stride that way from the quarter pole to the eighth pole, but then Corn Off The Cob took over. My Dad George fought back, and with Broussard whipping furiously (at one point, his left leg brushed the fence), they surged a head in front to stay just a few yards from the wire. My Dad George had staggered the last eighth of a mile in 0:13½, on his way to a final clocking of 1:50½. Notwithstanding the closeness of the finish, Dad's performance was not all that

continued

Slipping inside the early pacesetter Cassie Red (red), My Dad George stays on the rail to defeat Corn Off The Cob by a neck





impressive. If Naskra had been ready to run he might well have beaten the winner Corn Off The Cohn had a one-length margin over Cassie Red, and behind them, in order, came Dr. Behrman, Runson Run, Boy Behave, Bonswant, Ring For Nurse and Bold Day.

"I don't really care about time," said Broussard later. "It's the way the horse runs that counts with me. This race was harder on him than the Flamingo, but he was up to it, and as far as I'm con-

cerned he's the horse to beat in Kentucky." Trainer Frank J. (Buddy) McManus will ship Dad shortly to Churchill Downs and he will make his next and only remaining pre-Derby start in the Stepping Stone or the Derby Trial, Arnold Winick, who trains Corn Off The Cohn for Ted and Pat Gary, hinted that his colt may be headed for a rest after seven races in two months.

"He's the best 3-year-old colt I've ever had," said Winick, "and it could be

doing him an injustice to try to get him to the Kentucky Derby. He might be better than all of them later on."

None of the others in this field appears deserving of the trip to Kentucky or up to the challenge of going 10 furlongs instead of nine on May 2. Ray Curtis and Buddy McManus do have a deserving colt, and they have another incentive for traveling to Louisville. Neither has ever seen a Kentucky Derby or has ever been to Churchill Downs.

IN CALIFORNIA: A COLT TO KEEP AN EYE ON

by ALFRED WRIGHT

All week around the barns at Santa Anita, the horsemen had been putting down the 3-year-olds. "He may not be too much," a trainer would say of some poor Derby entry who was trying to act inconspicuous in a dark corner of his stall, "but neither are the rest of them, so I might as well let him have a shot at it." Almost everywhere you went you got the same reaction until you reached Barn 44, where Jerry Fanning was ministering to the needs and whims of a dark brown colt named Terlago. Fanning, who is 37 and has been around racing horses since he was in Whittier Union High, is as clean-cut as a promising young banker, and last week's limelight provided a strange new glare for him. In 12 years as a trainer of thoroughbreds, Fanning had never had what he calls "a real good horse," so he talked about Terlago with plenty of enthusiasm. He told how his colt had beaten My Dad George back at Belmont last fall and what a good race he had run two weeks ago when he beat George Lewis in his half of the San Felipe Handicap.

Perhaps it was in gratitude for the kind words that Terlago went out last Saturday afternoon and soundly beat 10 other of the supposedly best 3-year-olds in California to give Jerry Fanning his first hundred-grand victory. More important, Terlago covered the mile and an eighth over Santa Anita's fast track in the fine time of 1:48.7 and thus offered himself as a serious candidate for the Kentucky Derby five weeks hence. Despite all the put-down of the California 3-year-olds, they appear to be as good as any others in sight at the moment, and Terlago, with his second major

victory in two weeks, is obviously the best of the lot right now.

In the week leading up to the race, it was pretty well agreed that this was as wide-open a Derby as Santa Anita had seen in some years. George Lewis, the fastest of California's 2-year-olds last fall, had won the Hibiscus at Hialeah in January and then lost by a head to Silent Screen in the Bahamas. Since returning to Santa Anita, he had looked a bit short in losing by a nose to Rex Ellsworth's Plenty Old at a mile and then by 3½ lengths to Terlago in the San Felipe at a mile and a 16th. There was some support for Cool Hand, by Donut King, a fast Californian who had beaten most of the best of his age up to a mile. A handsome bay owned by John Mabee, a San Diego supermarket tycoon, Cool Hand stirred up a lot of interest when he beat Plenty Old and Texan Bunker Hunt's Sir Wiggle in his division of the San Felipe. Plenty Old, a son of Ellsworth's distinguished Olden Times, had showed Trainer Mesh Tenney enough promise to make him think longingly of the sire, and he had beaten George Lewis and Cool Hand at a mile in February. Sir Wiggle seemed to be the colt everyone worried about. But though nicely bred—by Sadair out of the Australian race mare, Wiggle II—he had won nothing since last May.

As the gate opened in front of a crowd of more than 30,000, Bill Hartack as expected took George Lewis to the lead. Just over his right shoulder was Wayne Harris on Plenty Old and just over his shoulder was Bill Shoemaker on Terlago. They went up the backstretch that way, clocking fractions of 0 23, 0:46½, and 1:07½, with Colorado King, an 84-to-1 outsider, three lengths back. Behind him were the rest, unthreatening,

Everyone wanted for George Lewis to quit, but Hartack wouldn't let him. As Shoemaker told it afterward, "I was driving on George Lewis from the three-eighths pole to the quarter pole, and he was opening up on me. Then I began to hat Terlago left-handed and he moved. He was fooling me. He wasn't giving it everything he had." Midway up the stretch, Terlago eased past George Lewis and took a comfortable 2½-length lead to the wire while Plenty Old dropped back to fifth. Cool Hand, who had seemed to be coming on in the stretch, could never get within a length of George Lewis, and in the very last strides he was passed by the gray blur of Aggressively, an 81-to-1 shot from George Pope's El Peco Ranch. Like his sire, Decodedly, Aggressively has an erratic mind of his own, and on this afternoon he chose to run dead last and far behind everyone until he began turning for home. Then, when he found the inside hooked, he had to pause, turn and run around everyone. Without a doubt, he has some powerful finishing speed.

Samuel J. ("I go by the name of Jay") Agnew (his real name is Terlago's happy owner. He inherited lots of big timber in the state of Washington and a love of racing from his father. He picked up Terlago for \$220,000 at the Wallace Gilroy dispersal sale at Belmont last October, "because it's rare you can buy a good proven 2-year-old coming into his 3-year-old season," Agnew and Fanning had never discussed a possible trip to Kentucky until they met in the press room after the race. They quickly agreed to go as soon as convenient.

Shoemaker said he would go, too. "I'm willing to ride him if they want me to go along." Shoe said, deadpan, and everybody laughed. **END**

Elected rider Ray Broussard says he now has the "horse to beat" in the Kentucky Derby

REDEMPTION AFTER A FALSE START

Indiana had no trouble winning the NCAA swimming title, but Mark Spitz lost two events and jumped the gun in a third before he reestablished himself by beating his old nemesis, Doug Russell **WILLIAM F. REED**



A disappointed Spitz was second in the 55, third in the 200 free before winning the 100 fly.

About halfway through the NCAA swimming meet last Friday night, there was one brief moment when mighty Indiana looked like it might be in trouble. The Hoosiers' No. 1 star, Mark Spitz, had lost his second race, and now, on the scoreboard in the University of Utah's new natatorium, the numbers read: USC 114, Indiana 113. In the stands people were sitting up and watching with renewed interest. Maybe, after all, the Hoosiers weren't the surefire, foolproof, guaranteed clinches the experts said they were. And maybe this Spitz kid was just another pretty face. And maybe Indiana's rotund, fulgety coach, Dr. James E. (Doc) Counsilman, had better begin to sweat a little bit.

No way. "I know what we have coming up," said Doc solemnly.

At the end, after Indiana had outscored USC 332-235 to win its third straight NCAA championship, everyone else knew, too. As soon as the Hoosiers fell behind, two of their talented freshmen, Gary Hall and Larry Barbieri, went out and picked up a couple of quick gold medals, each winning in NCAA record time (Hall in the 400-yard individual medley and Barbieri in the 100-yard backstroke). That gave Indiana breathing room, and then on the final night, under the severest kind of pressure, Mark Spitz added the finishing touch. Besides electrifying the crowd by winning his specialty, the 100-yard butterfly, Spitz won a hug victory over himself and Doug Russell of Texas-Arlington, a ghost who has been haunting him since the 1968 Olympics.

The outcome of the meet was not completely satisfying to the Hoosiers, who had expected to win more than their five gold medals. Nevertheless, Indiana's margin of victory was the second largest in NCAA history—surpassed only by its 121-point spread last year.

By far the biggest conversation piece of the week, however, was the environment—the natatorium and the rarefied air (Salt Lake is 4,200 feet above sea level). Almost all the swimmers liked the natatorium, but there were complaints about the atmosphere and some imperfections in the pool itself, both of which tended to make for slower times. But nothing bothered Tennessee's Dave Edgar, who won both freestyle sprints, and Stanford's Brian Job, who set NCAA records while winning both breaststrokes.

And then, of course, there was UCLA's tireless Mike Burton, who ended his college career in fine style. The meet's only triple winner, Burton got a standing ovation on the final night after winning his specialty, the 1,650-yard freestyle.

While everybody else was making off with the gold, Indiana made excellent use of baser elements—depth and persistence. Diver Jim Henry was the only Hoosier to score two victories, but Indiana was picking up points a third place here, a fifth there—in almost every event.

The team's world-class swimmers, especially Mark Spitz, were lackluster. On the first night, for instance, after USC's Frank Heckl beat Hall in the 200-yard IM, Spitz finished second to Edgar in the 50. The fact that Spitz lost was only slightly more surprising than Counsilman's decision to scratch him from the 500—a race he won last year—and put him in the 50, which Spitz has never swum in major competition.

"Mark hadn't been swimming the 500 well," explained Counsilman. "and he won't be as tired the rest of the way by swimming the 50. Also the altitude has been on his mind ever since the Olympics, where it hurt him. It's gotten to be a mental block."

On Friday, Spitz fared even poorer in the 200 free, an event in which he shares the world record with Don Scholander. He got so far behind that his strong kick only got him a third in back of Michigan's Juan Belko and Heckl. After the race Spitz returned to his motel room and began thinking about his next race—and Doug Russell.

The rivalry between Spitz and Russell dates back to 1967, when they began swimming against each other in meets all around the country. Spitz won every race until the 1968 Olympics in Mexico City, when Russell beat him out for the gold in the 100-meter fly. Right away Russell's admirers claimed their man was the world's best swimmer, and Spitz' fans retorted by saying that the Olympic win was a fluke. There the matter simmered until last Saturday night, when the two met for the first time since the Olympics. As Spitz said, "There were almost duplicate circumstances here, with the altitude and the pressure. It was kind of like a second dream, or an instant replay, almost."

The pressure was increased by the fact



A jubilant Mike Burton, here with his wife Linda, won the 500 and 1,650 free and the 200 fly.

that everyone in the natatorium was well aware of how Spitz and Russell felt about each other. As the two swimmers sat on their starting blocks, shaking their muscles loose, a crowd of swimmers from UCLA and USC began chanting, "Let's go, Russell." Spitz' Indiana teammates retorted with, "Let's go, Mark."

When the swimmers took their marks, Spitz felt so tight—and was quivering so much—he jumped into the water for a false start, which drew whistles and boos from Russell's partisans.

Said Spitz later, "My adrenalin was going so much that my hands cramped up, and I couldn't open them. So I made the false start."

Then the starter's gun cracked, and the race was on, Russell and Spitz hobnobbing up and down, head to head. After 50 yards it was clearly a two-man race. Then Russell began moving ahead, first by inches, then by feet. As they hit the wall and turned for home, Russell still had the lead, but Spitz was gaining. With 10 yards to go, he seemed ahead, and then it was over. As they touched, Spitz and Russell whirled to look at the scoreboard. Already the big No. 1 sign was up next to Lane 4—Mark Spitz.

"At one particular time, at one particular place, everybody said he was the greatest in the world," said Spitz. "I have a lot of respect for Russell. But he never broke my records, and to me the best swimmer is the most consistent one. This was very satisfying to me, because I proved to myself I could beat him. I can't forget losing, and I never will. My worst moment was at the Olympics, and my best, maybe, was tonight."

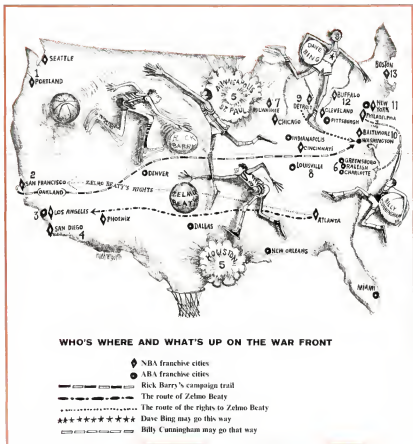
While Spitz was being congratulated, Russell sat alone in a corner. "I wanted that one awfully bad," he said. "I guess it meant more to me than it did to him. The only time I beat him was at Mexico City. When I got home I learned that he had been sick down there and all that other stuff. That made my win look like a fluke. I went to Louisville last year for the AAU's, but he scratched. I might have been too tense after two years of pent-up emotion."

After the meet was over and all the trophies had been presented, Spitz added a final thought. "You know," he said, "I felt sorry for Doug sitting over there in that corner all alone, but, man, I've been there, too, and I don't want to be there ever again."

END

MERGER, MADNESS AND MARAVICH

by FRANK DEFORD



Professional basketball makes heavy demands on its followers who want to keep abreast of things. As the two leagues continued to battle and players shifted around, the most confused happening was the signing of Pistol Pete

1) MAJOR LEAGUE SPORT comes to Oregon as the NBA grants Portland a franchise. Well, the NFL has Green Bay, doesn't it?

2) TRYING TO DRAW three, inside, to a straight. San Francisco owns the rights to Nate Thurmond, who says he has retired, and to Rick Barry and Zelmo Beaty, who are in the ABA. The team is the greatest threat, on paper, short of the ABW. The Warriors also found a way to discard what would have been the rights to Pete Maravich. Instead, their top choice was the forgettable Earl Huggins of Eastern Michigan. Barry now says he'll be back in San Francisco for the 1971-72 season.

3) SAYING THE OLD MEN. The Laker geriatric cases are running out of time and wonder drugs, but a merger—which should be consummated by the time teams have to start signing their veterans this summer—will require that the Stars leave the town to Jack Kent Cooke.

4) THE TIJUANA SHORTS. San Diego also passed up the chance to draft Maravich. Either the Rockets are broke or they are the NBA's sacrificial lambs. Anyway, now the fans will have the same old excuses for staying home.

5) GOODBY, CHARLIE. Right off the basketball map go Minneapolis-St. Paul and Houston, the two poorest pro basketball cities. Three franchises have flunked in Minny and Houston is playing catch-up. One of the NBA's new franchises was going to Houston, but then the town's biggest hero, Elvin Hayes, came back for a regular league game—and drew all of 2,200. Right after that, NBA Houston money got very tight.

6) NOTHING COULD BE FINER than to be like Carolina. Believe it or not, a merger now appears likely to include all 11 ABA cities. If that happens, a couple of weak sisters, New Orleans and Miami, will go regional like the Cougars, who have outdrawn every first-year franchise in history. At the same time,

Carolina's failure to sign Maravich may have cost the whole ABA a great deal. CBS picked up an option to televise ABA playoff games, but it may reconsider next season's planned telecasts because of Pete's absence.

7) WELCOME, SEATTLE PILOTS. Big-league Milwaukee forced its beloved Bucks out of town—to Madison—for their first-round playoffs. The baseball Pilots will have a home, at least.

8) FINGER-LICKIN' GOOD. Coming to life at last under new owners, the Colonels signed Dan Issel and Mike Pratt from Kentucky and Tennessee Center Bobby Croft, who was Dallas' first choice. They have another signing—an intramural grudge—all set.

9) EASY COME, EASY GO. Detroit loses Dave Bing to the ABA Caps, but gets the big man, Bob Lanier, the NBA's first draft choice. He'll be in the same division with Alcindor.

10) THE BIG STUNBLING BLOCK to merger. Ahe Pollin of NBA Baltimore says his former Bullet partner, Earl Foreman of ABA Washington, is infringing on his territory. This is ridiculous. The two cities may be only 38 miles apart, but they are in different worlds. The only Baltimoreans who go to Washington are those under 21, because you can drink beer at 18 in D.C. The only Washingtonians who go to Baltimore are new ambassadors who want to get one look at Blaze Starr. Cynes suggest Foreman is only infringing on Pollin's chances to move to D.C. as soon as the proposed Union Station arena is built. The pressure is now on Foreman to move his Capitals to Virginia.

11) RED INK MAKES STRANGE BLOODFELLOWS. Despite the Knicks and Rangers, Madison Square Garden has problems because of high interest payments on money borrowed for its new building. The Garden wants the rights to run the planned Long Island arena, where it will be partners with the Nets.

12) WINTER WONDERLAND. In a rabid hockey town, with a new NHL franchise, Buffalo's NBA team will have rough going. It passed up a natural drawing card in little Calvin Murphy from nearby Niagara and will let Pittsburgh and San Diego fight over him. If Calvin goes with the Pipers, he may find Press Maravich as the new coach—even if Pete did go NBA. Maravich père turned down the Pittsburgh job last year and the Phoenix post the year before. That, too, may be offered to him again.

13) MAKE MONEY, NOT WAR. NBA teams are supposed to be so many Rocks of Gibraltar compared to the ABA franchises, but war is no respecter of tradition. Last week, while it was apparent that 11-time world-champion Boston had lost money over the regular season—and would miss out on its usual quarter of a million in playoff receipts—there was talk that the franchise would be moved to Long Island.

The pistol shot heard round the league. With an impact—good or bad—felt in every franchise on the map, Pete Maravich signed possibly the largest playing contract in sports history with the NBA Atlanta Hawks. He ended up in Atlanta as a result of a series of bizarre events and coincidences that could hardly have been contrived, much less foreseen. One example of this is the fact that the key man for Atlanta in the negotiations was the same person who originally approached Pete's father, Press, on behalf of the ABA. The winding trail goes back even farther, to a time in West Virginia before Pete was even born, when Press was making a very few thousand dollars a year coaching the team at Davis & Elkins College and a friend of his named Bob Kent was pulling down the same salary as Maravich's big rival at Beckley College. Bob and Press were together last Thursday night, in Kent's Atlanta apartment, when Pete signed the formal contract that will bring him approximately \$1½ million for five years of playing basketball.

continued

Walking out to make the announcement a few minutes later, Press turned to Bob. "Could you have imagined, back in West Virginia, that anything like this would happen?" he said.

"Yes," Kent replied, straight-faced, not breaking stride.

About a year ago Kent was still serving as general manager of the Greensboro (N.C.) War Memorial Coliseum (SI, May 12, 1969). Generally acknowledged as the best man in his field, he had gone into arena management directly from his coaching job at Beckley. His friend Maravich had, of course, stayed in coaching. But the two men kept in close touch, traded visits and usually roomed together at NCAA conventions.

The Carolina Cougars came into the ABA last spring as the nation's first regional franchise, playing Greensboro-Raleigh-Charlotte. They settled into offices about 50 feet down the hall from

Kent's in Greensboro. Don Delardin, the Cougars' bright young general manager, and Kent became good friends, and when the Cougars learned that Kent was an old pal of Press Maravich they asked him if he would make the initial contact with Press. Kent was delighted to be of help and flew down to Baton Rouge. Formal ABA draft rights eventually went to Carolina.

In the spring of '69 Kent was also approached by Tom Cousins, an Atlanta millionaire who had made his fortune in real estate and had brought the Hawks to Atlanta from St. Louis the year before. Cousins wants to build a new arena for Atlanta and asked Kent to serve first as a consultant and then as the arena manager. Kent took the job and finally left Greensboro for Atlanta on Dec. 1. At that point, it is safe to say, the Cougars had the inside track on Maravich, but Owner James Gardner, a hamburger franchise magnate and former Congressman, was just beginning to make one of his few serious mistakes since he came into pro basketball and began to escalate the interleague war. Gardner would not leave the Maraviches alone. His constant pressure was an error in judgment. Now, too, the road to Pete's signing really begins to twist and turn.

Gardner also had served as interim commissioner of the ABA in the summer of '69, and his aggressive leadership encouraged ABA teams to go after the NBA's top players. The Los Angeles Stars took Zelmo Beaty away from the Atlanta Hawks. It was a coup for the ABA at the time; eventually, the price the ABA paid was Pete Maravich.

Beaty sat out his option in Los Angeles. The Stars failed to draw, and there were rumors that the team might not last out the season. Beaty began to wonder about his money—or, anyway, that is the information heard by Franklin Mieuli, the owner of the San Francisco Warriors. Mieuli had just lost his All-Star center, Nate Thurmond, because of a knee operation, and Thurmond was threatening to retire for good. Mieuli decided to try to get Beaty to jump back to the NBA, so he approached the Hawks about a deal for Beaty's rights. The deal was made on Feb. 2—San Francisco got the rights to Beaty for "a player or players to be named later." NBA Commissioner Walter Kennedy says it was understood, if not publicized, that Atlanta

had the option of making that player the first Warrior draft pick.

Even if the fact had been made public, it would have caused no stir. San Francisco seemed to be headed for a finish that would have earned the sixth NBA pick, no one figured the team to end up second from the bottom. It probably would not have, either, if Mieuli had been able to lure Beaty away from L.A., but it was just about that time that merger talks began, and Beaty decided to call off negotiations.

It was also about this time, around the beginning of February, that Kent and Cousins were casually chatting one evening at the office. Cousins happened to mention what a beautiful ballplayer Maravich was. Kent mentioned how well he knew Press. Suddenly—and for the first time—both men thought of the San Francisco deal. Atlanta had the rights to the Warriors' first pick. It was a long shot, but with nothing to lose Kent flew to New Orleans and asked Press at least to keep the Hawks in mind.

San Francisco started falling in the standings and though there was no way the Warriors would get down below San Diego, Cousins and Kent began to realize they had a slim chance for Pete. In the NBA the two last-place teams flip a coin to determine first pick. The Eastern Division loser, Detroit, had no hope for Maravich. He did not want to play there. San Diego wanted a big man. Bob Lanier of St. Bonaventure—more than Maravich. If San Diego won the toss and picked Lanier, Detroit would have to take somebody besides Maravich. But Detroit won the toss and decided on Lanier.

Commissioner Kennedy called up San Diego and talked to Bob Brethard, the Rockets' owner, who flew East to meet the Maraviches and their Pittsburgh attorneys, Lester Zittain and Arthur Herskovitz. The Rockets found out that the Maraviches were very interested. Gardner had become a nuisance to them by now. Indeed, Maravich was ready to sign with the Rockets, and he would have, but at the last minute—on Sunday afternoon, March 22—Brethard phoned Kennedy and told him San Diego was passing up Maravich for Rudy Tomjanovich, a Michigan strongboy.

The Rockets did not pull out, as it has been surmised, because they felt they could not gamble on signing Maravich. In fact, when Lawyer Herskovitz showed



After signing his record contract, Pete receives the college player-of-the-year trophy.

When it rains, these shoes really shine.



Because a special construction of man-made materials makes these Purcell Golf Shoes completely waterproof—both inside and out.

What's more, the fatigue-fighting steel shank support makes 18 holes seem like 9. Rain or shine, you're walking in comfort.

So remember Purcell Golf Shoes—and forget about the weather.



MS-226 The renowned Purcell, white or white, black and brown.

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Here are three other models of man-made materials to brighten up your wardrobe and game. All weather-resistant.

Jack Purcell

MS-215
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Black and
white

MS-227
Cordovan
and black

Available at leading shoe stores and golf pro shops.



"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

up in Baton Rouge that Sunday the Maraviches were under the impression that he was being accompanied by San Diego officials and that the contract would be worked out with the Rockets. San Diego pulled out for a combination of reasons involving the amount of money Pete wanted and a morale problem on the team that might have been aggravated by Pete's presence.

While the Rockets were debating their choice, Bob Kent stayed on call, just in case the Rockets waived their chance at Pete. On Tuesday, March 17, at the NIT in New York, General Manager Delandin of the Carolina Cougars spotted Kent and probably began to put a few things together. "At least," Kent says, "Doss might have figured that I was going to represent the NBA. I don't think anybody yet knew that we had that San Francisco draft choice."

The next day Carolina reinforcements were flown up to the NIT scene, and in another wild coincidence Pete visited an East Side bar and ran into ABA Commissioner Jack Dolph. They had a few pleasant drinks together. It was the high-water mark of the ABA.

As draft day approached, Jim Gardner was nervous and making threats. He told Hal Hayes of the *Atlanta Constitution*, "Tom Cousins will think Quintell's Raiders were a bunch of amateurs if Atlanta lucks out and signs Pete Maravich. If we don't get the kid, we're going to take the money and call Lou Hudson or Walt Hazzard [Atlanta stars] or both of them. And they'll be ready to listen to us, too."

By Sunday, Pete was ready to sign with the NBA—presumably the Rockets. Then Breithard phoned Kennedy, and Kennedy called the Hawks to tell them of their good fortune.

Kent and his wife Nancy were visiting friends in Greensboro, within shouting distance of the Cougar offices, when Cousins relayed the news. Cousins then sent his plane to pick up Kent, and with other Hawk officials they flew on to Baton Rouge. There Press Maravich was shocked to see Kent, and only then realized which team was going to get his son. Pete did not know until he joined the group a few minutes later. The agreement was worked out in the wee hours of Monday morning, the 23rd at the Ramada Inn in Baton Rouge. And that afternoon the Atlanta Hawks drafted Pete Maravich. That's how it happened.

END

33



Go East, young man.

JADE EAST

The Jade East Cargo Set: 2 oz. each
Jade East After Shave, Cologne, and After Shower Freshener. \$5.50.

Citation
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POWER
PERFORMANCE

1970
Power-Bilt
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Sold
only in
Pro Shops

Write for Free full color catalog
and the booklet, "Why Engineered
Golf Clubs Perform Better For You"

HILLERICH & BRADSBY CO.
Box 505, Louisville, Ky. 40201, Dept. 51-0
Makers of Famous **FLORIN** Athletic Products

BE A TAKE-CHARGE BLASTER!

Rip tennis balls asunder! Become a new breed of wildcat! So promises Joe Weider, who can lift 200 pounds with one hand and has replaced Charles Atlas as the No. 1 bodybuilder **by HERMAN WEISKOPF**

Joe Weider comes on strong. Watch him help two workmen hang an \$8,000 Louis XV mirror in his midtown Manhattan apartment. They hoist the mirror into place. It slips from their grasp. Weider (pronounced Wee-der) muscles in, saving the antique in midair.

Listen to Weider talk: "Tomorrow's Hell, survive today, then bring on tomorrow."

Watch him write an advertisement with typical Weider wallop: "I don't

care if today you own the scraggiest, flabbiest or funniest body—whether you're tall or short, young or not-so-young. If you send, under no obligation, for my absolutely free 32 pages of *musclebuilding* information, I guarantee you that virtually overnight you will experience a musclebuilding miracle: before your eyes, you will see handsome muscles bursting out all over you."

Or sample an ad for "Muscle Up" and *Mole Out*, an instruction booklet:

"In just 30 days you'll be a new breed of wildcat. You'll be a muscularized 'take charge' blaster—full of power and rugged vigor to help you perform like a tiger and drive 'em [the chicks] crazy this summer—from dawn to dusk!"

Weider, who has replaced Charles Atlas as the world's leading bodybuilder, writes 99% of his ads which, in turn, comprise 99% of the total advertising in his three magazines (combined monthly domestic circulation: 300,000), in which a substantial percentage of the articles are written or ghosted by Weider and his brother Ben. The magazines are *Muscle Builder*, *Power* ("The Advanced Muscle and Power Building Magazine Champions Believe In") and *American Athlete* ("The Magazine for Fitness and Athletic Conditioning") and *Mr. America* ("The Fitness Magazine for Virile Men"). The first two publications are crammed with articles such as *Hitching Arnold Schwarzenegger Build His Incredible Biceps* and *Mr. 'Suck it to Me' Hefewaldt Trains Routine* by Sergio Oliva. Schwarzenegger is the present International Federation of Bodybuilders' Mr. Universe, Oliva is the IFBB Mr. Olympia. Both have 21½-inch biceps. *Mr. America* is more catholic: It runs stories on the order of *Don't Be a Casualty of the Sexual Revolution*.

Weider, whose headquarters are in Union City, N.J., grosses \$4 million annually from his magazines and by selling weight-training courses, food supplements such as Muscle Density RX7 and bodybuilding equipment—60,000 sets of barbells, 12,000 007 Power Twisters, 15,000 German Iron Horseshoes and 15,000 Killer Karate Crushers. These and other products are unabashedly plugged in boldface in the editorial matter of the magazines. One ad for the Crusher reads: "DO YOU HAVE THE GUTS to use this 'Killer Karate Crusher' for just 30 days—and turn your hands into arsenals of incredible destructive power?" Train with it, says the ad, and you will "give your hands

WEIDER STUDENT ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER CHANGED NAME TO ARNOLD STRONG



the power to tear chairs apart... rip tennis balls asunder."

Weider is himself a living advertisement for his products. As he says matter-of-factly, "I'm 48, 5 feet 11, 190, can lift 200 pounds with one hand and 300 pounds overhead with two hands."

This, then, is Joe Weider, Builder of Champions since 1936 or 1938—depending on which ad you read—and tutor of "2 Million Successful Students." Or is it? The first inkling one gets that there is more to Weider than muscle comes from his voice. He is not his voice's master, it tinkles like so many pieces of glass and it is slightly high-pitched. Then there is the Weider accent, described by one associate as "a Russian-Jewish-French-Canadian twang with a Lawrence Welk echo."

If one asked the real Joe Weider to stand up, no one might arise. He aims at disparate goals, uncertain whether to concentrate on building his bank account or his brainpower. His museum-apartment is stuffed with antiques: a \$2,000 Louis XVI clock, a \$7,000 Clodion statue, a collection of English silver, early Western paintings and bronzes, a vase filled with \$6,900 worth of porcelain Meissen and Vincennes flowers. In these elegant surroundings Weider will discourse on Nietzsche one minute and the next hat out copy for ads that picture well-stacked chacks embracing the likes of Arnold Schwarzenegger. (In issue after issue of Weider's magazines the same handful of bodybuilders appear in both ads and articles.)

Says one former Weider employee, "Two of us wanted to write a play about Joe called *Muscle-ful*. But even though both of us had worked for him for years, we realized we didn't understand him well enough to put him in writing."

"He is a cross between Christ and Hitler," says another.

"He is," says a third, "the quintessence of unfathomability."

"Wrong," says Leroy Colbert, a one-time Mr. World, who worked for Weider for a dozen years. "Joe's easy to understand. You don't try to 'figure out' Joe. You just look and you see that he lives by patterns. Joe likes to play games. Before he'd go to Europe he'd go around the office and ask people what size clothes they wore, and he'd even use a tape to measure people. Everybody thought, 'Boy, Joe's going to bring back all kinds of nice things,' and

continued



WEIDER, WHO GROSSES \$4 MILLION A YEAR, RESTS MIGHTY ARM ON \$2,000 BRONZE

while he was away they'd work harder and faster because he got 'em all stirred up. Then he'd come back—and there'd never be gifts for anyone.

"He makes me laugh," says Colbert, who himself laughs with so much gusto that he all but topples a statuette of Weider off a shelf in his Englewood, N.J. home. "You win a trophy at a bodybuilding contest and you look at it and you recognize it's Joe Weider himself."

"He means no harm. It's all games. Joe's too soft to hurt anybody. But I can see how business people could hate his guts. One guy hired a karate expert to beat up Joe. But this guy who was hired didn't know the Joe he was supposed to beat up was Joe Weider. So this karate expert comes to beat up Joe, and he looks at him and he's shocked and says, 'Joe Weider? I'm one of your pupils. What a thrill to meet you.' The guy worshiped Joe and never laid a hand on him."

"I like Joe. I've seen ruthless people, and he's not one of them. He's really got heart. All this stuff he does is a facade because he's so shy. Joe's a softy. He couldn't even hit anybody."

Another former worker substantiates this claim. "One of Joe's employees was going to start a magazine of his own to compete with Joe and had even arranged to steal some of his key personnel," he says. "Joe found out, but he couldn't bring himself to fire the guy. Another guy stole so much of Joe's food supply that he was able to supply Army posts all along the East Coast, but even though Joe knew what was going on he didn't have the heart to can the guy."

One guy who has no use for Joe, soft-hearted Joe Weider is archrival Bob Hoffman, founder of the York (Pa.) Barbell Company, editor and publisher of *Strength & Health* (circ. 100,000), and five times coach of the U.S. Olympic weight-lifting team. "He's a louse," says Hoffman, who has feuded with Weider for 23 years. "He's the worst man ever to be connected with a sport." Hoffman, however, declines to amplify.

Weider doesn't let detractors get him down. "I have great excitement and enjoyment in life," he says. "When I was 12 I read Nietzsche. I admired him for his truthfulness and because he stressed the total importance of the individual and the intellect. The trouble with men is that when they shed a little light on mankind they want to turn it into a religion, a philosophy, an ism."

Weider's beginnings may have been exciting but they weren't very enjoyable. "I was born and raised in the slums of Montreal," he says. "I always remember struggling against poverty and environment, and I remember being skinny. Especially, I remember being Jewish and the abuse I took. And I remember having to quit school after the sixth grade to go to work. My father was a pants presser, but during the Depression he worked only three months a year. My first job was 80 hours a week for \$2 delivering groceries. When I left school at 11 I felt very inadequate. When I tried to go to trade school, they said I didn't have enough education. But I always read. I walked 2½ miles to the library."

Although Weider was improving his mind, his body was frail. No one kicked sand in his face at the beach, but that was only because he was too embarrassed to go there. Kids got at him in other ways, though they insulted him about his ancestry, his shabby clothes, his see-through body. By now Joe knew that Nietzsche wasn't going to help him here, so he saved up for a bodybuilding course. While he saved, Weider lifted weights he made out of old flywheels he found in junkyards. Weider's exertions paid off when his brother Ben came home blood-nosed after a fight with a local bully. Joe put his homemade muscles to work and scored a one-punch knockout.

On a farm in St. Lin, 40 miles north-east of Montreal, where the Weiders summered, Joe alternated between freeing rabbits from traps set by the farmer's son ("Go. Be free. I want to save you") and beating him up. Time and again the farmer threatened to kick the Weiders off the farm. "One day," Ben recalls, "the farmer's son was beaten up by another boy. He told Joe, and Joe beat the boy up. The farmer came to see our mother, and she thought he was going to kick us out and she said, 'No, no.' But the farmer said, 'I just want to tell you what a wonderful son you have, what a fine boy he is.'"

As word of Weider's prowess spread, he began getting mail from boys who sought his advice on how they, too, could build themselves up. "I was 17, was working as a short-order cook in Montreal and didn't have time to answer all the letters," Weider recalls. "So I thought about putting out a magazine about bodybuilding."

He knew that his writing, which re-

flected his sixth-grade education, needed editing, so he recruited a waitress in the restaurant, and when she had time she would wipe the pie crumbs and mustard off the counter, shove aside the salt and pepper shakers and rewrite him.

Then there was mother. "She didn't want me to publish," Weider says. "'You can't write,' she said. 'You haven't finished school. You haven't got money. Be sensible. Be a pants presser.'" Relatives chimed in. "Learn a trade." And his friends "Musclehead. Hey, Weidershmitzel the muscle man. Make me a beautiful body."

Within six months Weider's strenuous schedule as cook, bodybuilder and author of a small mimeographed magazine wore him down. He wanted to go into publishing full-time, but might never have made a go of it had it not been for a gypsy fortune-teller.

"My mother went to see her," Weider recalls, "and the gypsy said, 'You have three sons. The middle son is pale [I worked day and night and never saw the sun], but he's ambitious and you're against him. Leave him alone and he'll make the name of Weider famous.'"

Thus a Jewish mother was overruled by a gypsy fortune-teller and Weider cooked his last hamburger. Newsstand dealers, however, refused to stock his magazine. Weider got an audience with an American News Company official and talked on and on, until the man pounded on his desk and said, "If you'll shut up, I'll take your magazine."

Weider next arranged for a Montreal foundry to produce handbills, which he sold through his magazine. He made forays into the U.S. and got photographs and stories from prominent bodybuilders and weight lifters. Circulation rose. Business boomed. So did opposition from his competitors. "They said I had entered the country illegally," Weider says. "And they told weight lifters that if they worked for me or wrote for my magazine or posed for pictures, they would never win an AAU contest."

In 1949 Weider realized by teaming with Ben (brother Louis died at the age of 31) to form the IFBB, Weider's enemies call it a front for his business, and with some justification: there is no denying that the Weiders have profited from the growth of bodybuilding that has been fostered by staging some 1,000 IFBB contests annually in 68 member-countries.

continued

DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



BARBARA WATERSTON

HOME: New York, New York

AGE: 29

PROFESSION: Photographer, writer

HOBBIES: More photography

LAST BOOK READ: *My Antonia*

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Wrote the book, "Pull Yourself Together or How to Look Marvelous on Next to Nothing." It sold out two hard-cover printings.

QUOTE: "I'm after a moment, a picture that captures a feeling that will rouse the person looking at it. Composition, design, staged shots—some other photographer can do that."

PROFILE: Uncompromising. Self-assured. Brings to commercial photography the honesty and sensitivity she feels toward the world around her.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label."



Certain fine whiskies from the hills and glens of Scotland are blended into every drop of Dewar's "White Label."

Before blending, every one of these selected whiskies is rested and matured in its own snug vat. Then, one by one, they're brought together by the skilled hand of the master blender of Perth.

The New

This is the American Motors Gremlin.

It is the kind of car this country has needed for a long, long time.

It is designed to give the American motorist a car that is easy to buy, easy to handle, easy to take care of, and, at the same time, fun to drive.

The Gremlin is the smallest production car made in America.

It is 161 inches long, just 2½ inches longer than the Volkswagen.

Yet its turning circle, at 32 feet, 8 inches, is about 3 feet less than VW's.

Which makes the Gremlin about the

easiest car in the world to park and handle.

The Gremlin gets the best gas mileage of any car made in America. It goes about 500 miles without stopping for gas.

This is great gas mileage, when you consider that the Gremlin has a bigger standard engine than any car near its size and price. 128 hp to VW's 57.

This engine gets from 0 to 60 in 15.3 seconds, the pickup you need on expressways.

And nobody's going to push you around in a Gremlin. It is 10 inches wider, 7 inches lower and 765 pounds heavier than a VW.

Which gives you about the smoothest,



American Car.

most stable ride possible in a car this size.

The Gremlin is remarkably easy to service and maintain.

Its normal oil change interval is 6 months or 6,000 miles; lubrication is normally needed only every 24,000 miles.

There are two basic Gremlin models.

A two-passenger, with storage area in the rear.

A four-passenger with fold-down rear seats for extra storage and flip-up rear window for easy access.

Both models cost about what you'd pay for an imported economy car.

The four-passenger lists for \$1,959¹.

The lowest list price of any car made in America.

Except for the two-passenger Gremlin. It lists for \$1,879¹.

Which is quite a bargain, when you consider what you get for your money.

The new American car.

American Motors Gremlin

\$1,879

2-Passenger

\$1,959

4-Passenger



Introducing the "21st Century" Golf Shoe with Aztran® by Foot-Joy



It may look like other golf shoes.

It isn't.

It's new from top to bottom.

The top is made of something very special.

Aztran. It's a man-made material with a difference.

Before we discovered it, we wouldn't use anything but leather in our Foot-Joy golf shoes.

Two reasons. First, because most synthetics don't "breathe" as leather does. They can make your feet feel clammy and uncomfortable.

Second, because most synthetics have what we somewhat unscientifically call "memory". No matter how many times you wear them, they keep returning to their original shape. Which means every time you put them on you have to "break them in" again.

Neither of these things would ever do for a Foot-Joy golf shoe.

But then we tested Aztran.

And we discovered Aztran "breathes". So there's no chance your feet will feel clammy and uncomfortable.

And we discovered Aztran conforms. It's supple. So it feels good on your foot. And it shapes itself to your foot. It doesn't revert back rigidly to what it was.

Aztran is, in fact, the perfected man-made material for golf shoes.

And now that we'd found it, you'd think we'd have gone ahead and made

a golf shoe out of it. But we didn't. Not yet.

What took Foot-Joy so long?

Well, it wasn't enough for some people that it took fifteen years to develop Aztran.

After all that time wouldn't you know some wise guy would come along and say well, it was so much like leather, maybe it didn't have the good qualities of a man-made material.

The wise guy was our chief tester. So back to the laboratory it went.

Was it easy to care for? It was easy to care for.

Could you just wipe it clean? A damp cloth made it look like new.

Was it water-repellent? It was water-repellent.

We were in.

At last we found a man-made material good enough to go into a Foot-Joy.

And having done so, we felt we had also found the perfect place to introduce the Perma-Spike™ plate.

What is the Perma-Spike™ plate?

The Perma-Spike plate is designed to last the life of the shoe. If it does not, we give you a new pair of Foot-Joy golf shoes.

We can say this because the Perma-Spike plate is an entirely new plate

construction. The spike is irrevocably molded in. And the tip of the spike is made of tungsten carbide which is what they use in studs for the toughest snow tires. Then we subjected the spikes to the abrasiveness of, among other things, the hardest asphalt. We couldn't begin to blunt them.

We're pretty sure we won't be giving away a pair of golf shoes



And then, we developed a new waterproof sole for the "21st Century" Foot-Joy. Nice if you like playing early in the morning when the dew is still on the grass. Just as nice if you should get caught in the rain. It keeps your feet dry.

You may have come to the conclusion by now that we have a lot of confidence in our new golf shoe. We do.

We feel it's the golf shoe of the future.

Look for the "21st Century" Foot-Joy in your Golf Professional's shop. It's under \$40.

Some who've tried it think it's so far ahead we ought to call it the "22nd Century" golf shoe.

Style 00113 Black & White/00005 White/00120 Black

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The rivalry between bodybuilders and weight lifters resembles that between roadrunners and rattlers. They both train with weights, lifters in an attempt to hoist as much poundage as possible and bodybuilders to develop the most impressive physique. As Bob Hoffman says scathingly of the latter, "They want to look like self-propelled triangles."

Weight lifters consider bodybuilders eccentric and narcissistic and are convinced that many are homosexuals, a charge that makes Weider bristle. "Men downgrade others to try to uplift themselves," he says. "It's a curse. Since the beginning of mankind, man has needed a devil. Even God has His."

"The abuse we take is a shame," says Mike Katz, an offensive guard with the New York Jets in 1966 and now one of the world's best-built men. "Bodybuilding takes more dedication and work than football. With the Jets I worked an hour and a half a day to be in shape. Now I work out six, seven hours a day. Bodybuilding deserves to be recognized as a legitimate sport."

Adds Weider, "Man has searched his mind, explored the realms of music, literature and all the forms of art, and yet he has never stopped to measure himself as a physical specimen. I don't believe men should overindulge in building their bodies the way some have. A person who overdoes things like that is not well adjusted. But I suppose the same can be said for those who climb Mt. Everest. Men simply do what they feel will help fulfill themselves."

There is no doubt that people are leery about muscles and that there is what might be called a "level of muscle tolerance." One bodybuilder attests to this, saying, "When I was a kid I was skinny and couldn't get a date. So I lifted weights, developed my body and built muscles on top of muscles—and still I can't get a date, but I see 98-pound punks with a girl on each arm."

"Prior to the Weider System, men were not really well built," says Weider. "They were fat. Their muscles lacked size because they didn't know about the value of protein. Muscles are 99% protein, and if you don't eat enough of it your body cannibalizes that which you have stored up."

Under the Weider System, bodybuilders began spending far less time on technique, more on actual lifting. They abandoned rigid schedules and adopted Weider's

Instinctive Training: they worked when and how they felt like it. This method reflects Weider's own philosophy of working hard but not so hard that one cannot enjoy the labor. Realizing that working against heavy weights can become drudgery, Weider jazzed things up by dubbing workouts with such titles as Super Sets, Continuous Tension and Split Systems. And he expounded the virtues of "cheating," or swinging the weight a trifle to help raise it.

"I didn't think much of the souped-up names Joe gave things," Leroy Colbert says, "but I've got to admit they did a lot to glamorize the sport."

Weider has had his share of setbacks, too. In 1958 the American News Company, which handled the 16 magazines Weider was publishing at the time, collapsed. It cost him \$2.2 million. Two years later both Weider and his wife Diana sued for divorce on the grounds of adultery. The resultant trial enlivened the pages of the New York *Daily News* for weeks. It seems that Joe had hired a \$75-a-day detective to spy on Diana in Haiti. He testified that he had been witness to a more-than-casual relationship between Mrs. Weider and a diminutive native sightseeing boat operator. He said his own sightseeing had been enhanced by a "golden spotlight" that shone on a hotel patio, where he saw the Haitian and Diana, who was clad only from the waist down, embracing. Then the spotlight was flicked off, alleged the detective, and the two entered "a walled-in love nest." Diana denied the charges, adding that her sacroiliac condition would have prevented any such activity.

As for Weider, three months later a 270-pound detective hired by Diana barged into his Montreal hotel room. With the detective were four henchmen, and they allegedly found Joe, wearing only a T shirt, and one Betty Brosseter, clad in what is known as scanty attire. It was 3:05 a.m. Weider's attorney maintained that the couple were both fully clothed—Betty in a two-piece black suit and garters, and that her intent had been compassion, not passion. She was, Betty said, running a tubful of hot water so that Joe, who had caught cold, could soak his feet.

The jurors sympathized with Diana's sacroiliac and Joe's cold, and acquitted

both. Since then the Weiders have been divorced. Joe is now married to Betty, who appears on his magazine covers as well as in his ads, though hardly attired in a two-piece suit and garters.

By this time 1980—Weider's financial status was shaky. He decided that now was the hour to apply Nietzsche and see if self-assertion would lead to progress. It did. His General Health and

continued



WEIDER'S WIFE and cover girl, Betty Brosseter, poses with \$1,500 Louis XVI velvet sari

Fitness Corporation will soon be traded over the counter to help finance the proposed transfer of Weider's enterprises to California.

Wherever Weider winds up, he will continue to promote bodybuilding contests. And when Weider promotes a contest, he promotes a contest. Like last September, when he put on his annual IFBB Mr. America, Mr. Universe and Mr. Olympia show.

"He's made a real production out of this," says Mike Katz, a runner-up in the Mr. America voting. "The AAU has its contests in some little room at a Y. Joe Weider hires an orchestra and an auditorium and stages it well. Every bodybuilder is proud to be a part of it."

There were 80 contestants from Canada, Germany, Belgium, Italy, Japan, Australia, England, Singapore—and Brooklyn. This hugest of all IFBB muscle-ins was held at the Brooklyn Academy of Music's opera house.

Among the prizes were those for best legs, best chest and best abdominals. Preparing for the afternoon's prejudging,

contestants donned swimsuits and slicked their shaved bodies with baby oil or olive oil to highlight their muscles.

"O.K.," the head judge said, "give us your best chest."

Everyone flexed. Veins bulged. Muscles snapped. Contestants turned red-faced as they strained and held their breath.

"Enough," the judge said, and when they all exhaled, the whoosh almost peeled the paint off the balcony walls.

That night a standing-room crowd of more than 2,500—at \$10 a ticket—jammed the opera house. As the contestants came out to flex, the audience cheered and applauded. When Arnold Schwarzenegger, the 21-year-old Austrian Oak with a 56-inch chest, and Sergio Oliva, the Concreto Cuban, strode forth, the reception was tumultuous: cheers, applause, foot-stomping, cries of "More! More!" Then came the verdict and \$1,000 in cash from Joe Weider to Mr. Olympia 1969—Sergio Oliva.

Schwarzenegger was only slightly disappointed. "I go all over the world for

exhibitions and contests and get \$500 at least for each exhibition," he said.

"Always I find Joe's magazines and his friends. In London I even got to a party at the house of Mr. Gieny, the richest man in the world. A friend asked if he could use the phone and they said he could—a pay phone."

"Arnold's going to be in a movie," Weider said proudly. "It's called *Hercules in New York*. They've changed his name to Arnold Strong. It's about Hercules wanting to come to earth. He was born in heaven but got bored up there. His old man says, 'The last time you were on earth you had trouble with the Romans.' They get mad, a lightning bolt flies out of heaven and Hercules lands in the Aegean Sea. He is picked up by a boat and comes to New York, where he is befriended by a dwarf. . . ."

What on earth Hercules does remains to be seen. If this were a true story, though, he would probably check in with Joe Weider to find out how to be a take-charge blaster and rip tennis balls asunder. **END**

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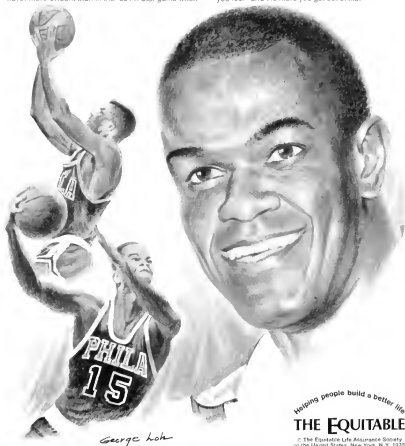
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THE MASTERS

Bobby Jones started it all



Jones drives in the first Masters Tournament in 1934. This event instituted a tradition of amateur participation that has survived at Augusta 35 years.

by **DAN JENKINS**

Until Bobby Jones came along, the amateur in golf was most often thought of as a gentleman of utter leisure who had as many hyphens and apostrophes in his name as he had lisps in his speech and lurches in his stride. Except for the rarity of a Francis Ouimet or Chuck Evans, the amateur was usually somebody like swell old fan-to-be-with Winthrop D. Apostrophe Winter Hyphen Dexter (Sonny) Northington, who could usually be found idly inventing the striped tee or 14 over par and holding. If he was not the Sonny Northington whose great-grandfather had been the first actual whaling skipper ever to marry for money, then he might possibly be the grandson of colorful old Chip Northington, who once threatened to buy the Taiping Rebellion and move it to Murrefield if the members didn't speed up play. At any rate, Sonny went back a long way, except on his follow-through, neither of which happened to be a fact that mattered much to America. But then, delightfully, there was Jones.

What most everybody knows about Bobby Jones, mainly, is that he won a thing called the Grand Slam back in the days of the 15¢ lunch and the Packard Speedster, that he built a golf course out of a giant flower bed down in Georgia and that he originated a tournament called the Masters, which Ben Hogan, Sam Snead and Arnold Palmer

used to win all the time if Gene Sarazen didn't make a double eagle or something.

Jones' tournament comes up again next week for the 34th time, which means that Augusta, Ga. for a few days will again become the world's most glorified parking lot. It also means that a select dozen or so amateurs, men who supposedly play the game for fun as Jones did, will get to mingle with the heavies of the sport for nothing more than prestige and a chance to win some assorted chunks of crystal and silver. And, of course, it means that they will most likely do a lot of thinking about Bobby Jones, who gave all amateurs a stature they had never known and popularized golf for everyone.

It has become a fact that aside from winning the U.S. Amateur or making the Walker Cup team, there is no higher honor an amateur can receive than the invitation from Jones to play in the Masters, there to stroll among the dogwood and Sarazens, the azalea and Palmers, to walk the rich green hills and valleys of the Augusta National course or browse through the relics of the meandering clubhouse, which range from a green-jacketed member to a thin steak sandwich to an old hickory-shafted iron that Bobby chipped with.

There have been so many true heroes in golf in the 40

years since Jones captured the Grand Slam and reined (at an appalling 28) that perhaps only those among us who have hooked or sliced into upper middle age may cling fondly to the memory of what he was and what he meant. Younger men might indeed tend to think of him as some kind of cliché, one whose name sounds so painfully suburban and whose deeds have been so closely associated with eating a hearty breakfast cereal that his reputation as an athlete, like that of your neighborhood All-American, must surely have been enhanced by the years.

Jones was very real, however, despite the fact that he was young, possessed startling good looks and rare charm, was disarmingly intelligent for an athlete and won big championships so regularly that Grantland Rice and O. B. Keeler almost ran out of superlatives. Almost but didn't. When Jones quit after the summer of 1930, after taking the U.S. and British Opens and the U.S. and British Amateurs—the Slam, in other words—both writers settled back in their own elegant styles and tried to explain why he had happened.

Rice said the explanation began with the correct fundamentals of swinging, unlimited concentration, unusual determination, physical strength and stamina and experience. "To this, one must add a blend of genius that is always beyond diagnosis—that has no place in any clinic," he wrote. "The results were obtained with an ease and grace that were born in the system. Of the thousands of pictures taken of [him], no one can recall an awkward pose, an awkward swing, a sign of effort beyond control."

Slightly more lavish was Keeler, the Atlanta newspaperman who saw Jones win all of his record 13 major championships. He said: "Looking back . . . you may see errors after crisis where the least slip in nerve or skill or plain fortune would have spelled . . . ruin. Yet at every crisis he stood up to the shot with something which I can define only as inevitability and performed what was needed with all the certainty of a natural phenomenon."

In case anyone has forgotten how precisely phenomenal the record was, Jones managed to win five U.S. Amateurs, four U.S. Opens, three British Opens and one British Amateur. But there are more fascinating ways to look at it. For example, he won well over a third of the 31 major championships he entered during the brief 13 years he competed (World War I eliminated two years of major championships). For eight straight summers he won a national title of some kind, either our Open or our Amateur. And one of the least-remembered statistics about it all is that Walter Hagen, the other reigning competitor of the era and the most glamorous pro, never won a U.S. or British Open that Jones played in.

But even beyond all of this, beyond his youth, looks and the fact that he was just about the winningest athlete of the whole Golden Age, there was the least-heralded aspect of Jones: his intellect. For it just so happened that during all of his victories he quietly picked up a degree in English literature at Harvard, studied mechanical engineering at Georgia Tech and then, after only a year and a half at Emory University Law School, passed the Georgia bar exam. All of which seems now like a far better reason for Jones to have received not one but two ticker-tape parades in New York.

Proof of Jones' intellect was to be found in his writing. First of all, he himself formed the words and put them down, which is hardly the case of today's star, whose idea of literature is a tape recorder and a ghost-writer. Jones' golf articles remain perhaps the best instruction ever.

"Nobody ever swings a golf club too slowly," he said about timing.

On the pressure of a big championship: "One always feels that he is running from something without knowing exactly what nor where it is."

On shifting the weight: "No one would attempt to throw a baseball while reared back on his heels or to deliver a right uppercut while stepping away from his foe. Why, then, should he fling his left foot at the water bucket when he tries to hit a golf ball?"

On the whimsy of an 18-hole match: "I admit that 18 holes constitute a round of golf, but since this came about by accident rather than design, the fact furnishes no reason why 18 holes should be a test of golf."

And on his habit of playing his putts to die at the hole: "Of course we never know but that the ball which is on line and stops short would have holed out. But we do know that the ball that ran past *did* not hole out."

It could be argued that Jones' greatest achievements came after his playing days ended, those being, of course, the building of the Augusta National and the starting of the Masters. To design Augusta, with Dr. Alister MacKenzie, he drew on all of his experiences but largely on his fondness for Sunningdale, a marvelous course near London that has many of the same qualities—hills, trees, great beauty and variety—that the National ended up with.

It is unlikely that many modern fans realize the Masters was first called only the Augusta National Invitational Tournament and that its front and back nines were just the opposite from the way they play today.

As for how the name Masters came into being, no one is really sure. Jones liked to give both Grantland Rice and his friend Clifford Roberts the credit, but in any case he once said, revealing his subtle humor, "I must admit that the name was rather born of immodesty."

It would be nice to think that the reason a few amateurs have done well in the Masters is because of their reverence of Jones and their knowledge of what he has contributed to golf, but this is probably without substance. While the amateur seems sometimes to be more welcome on the premises than most of the pros, and while the fairways are pretty wide, and while the field is not as fierce as that of the Open or even most of the big-money summer stops on the tour, the real explanation for the near success of such players as Frank Stranahan, Ken Venturi, Billy Joe Patton and Charlie Coe is that they were golfers of rare brilliance in sports.

Stranahan, for example, never had to apologize for his ability. He was good enough to win four tournaments on the pro tour as an amateur. So it was not too surprising in 1947 to see him finish with a four-under-par 68 on Sunday, a total of 283 and a tie with Byron Nelson for second in the Masters, two strokes behind Jimmy Demaret.

"I never actually felt I had a chance of winning," Frank remembers. "All I knew was that I was finishing strong. What saddens me a little is that in the days when

continued

I was the low amateur they didn't give any prizes."

Two amateurs came within a single error in judgment of capturing the Masters, of becoming the first for-fun player to steal a major championship since Johnny Goodman won the U.S. Open of 1933. Each was perhaps the most deserving player of his glory-filled week at Augusta, but each lost it, finally, through inexperience and immaturity. They were, of course, Patton in 1954 and then Venturi in 1956.

Patton wound up tossing the title away on the final nine holes by gambling at the two par 5s, 13 and 15—even though he led—and taking a 6 and a 7. Two months later he furnished proof that he had not been just an odd catastrophe by finishing in a tie for sixth at the U.S. Open.

Two years later Venturi, just out of the Army and lobbied into the tournament by his teacher and friend, Byron Nelson, dominated play for 70 agonizing holes. He fired a 66 in the opening round and followed it up with a 69. Venturi held his lead through the third round. In fact, he held it until the 71st hole, where he made his last bogey of the day for a disastrous 90, while Jack Burke Jr. holed a monster for a birdie, a 71 and victory.

"I kept trying to play safe," says Venturi, "instead of being smart enough to play those hard greens and that wind and each hole for what it was."

The last serious bid by an amateur in the Masters was by Charlie Coe, who is an Augusta member wearing a green jacket. Five times the tournament's low amateur and a man who has posted 20 rounds of par or better in the event over the years, Charlie tied for second in 1961, the year Palmer made the double bogey on the last green and allowed Gary Player to win. Coe, too, had a chance in the midst of Arnold's embarrassing misery, but he failed to hole a birdie putt on the last green.

"I was only trying to be second," he says. "It never occurred to me that I had a chance until the final green."

It is safe to say that nothing would have pleased Jones quite so much as seeing one of these amateurs—or someone like a Vinnie Giles or Steve Melnyk—win the Masters. That day might have come and gone with the Pattons and Coes and young Venturis, but then one never knows.

The nicest thing for most everyone who cares about golf is that Bobby Jones' days have never really vanished, thanks mostly to the tournament he created. At least for a few days every April one can contemplate the man and his feats with a renewed relish or listen as others do so.

What Jones meant to his followers was most vividly displayed as recently as 1959, almost 30 years after the Grand Slam. On the eve of winning that Masters it was Art Wall's fate to be relaxing in the lobby of the old Bon Air Hotel when he was suddenly approached by a fan with a Southern accent, a man who was properly scorched from the day's sun and duly fortified by Augusta's beverages.

"Ain't you Art Wall?" the man asked.

"Yes," said Art.

"Ain't you suppose to have made 34 hole in ones or something?"

Wall looked a bit embarrassed and nodded that he was, yes, that person.

"Son, who you tryin' to fool? Bobby didn't make but three!"

Room at the Top for Amateurs

If, as Alexander Woolcott once wrote, the world's two oldest professions have been ruined by amateurs, it is equally true that golf owes its nonprofessionals a great debt. And no institution of golf acknowledges this debt more graciously than the Masters, which each year leaves room among its superstars and old pros for a sprinkling of new faces from amateur ranks. This year's crop, some of whom are seen on the next four pages, includes two golfers (opposite) who have all the physical equipment to win, even though tradition and the Augusta course conspire against them. Marvin (Vinnie) Giles III of Richmond (above), runner-up in the last three U.S. Amateurs, is making his third try at Augusta. Steve Melnyk (below) is a burly ex-collegian who won the 1969 U.S. Amateur with a slashing style very much in the Nicklaus-Palmer tradition. At Augusta, that means something.







Michael Bonstack, 35, a British truck-company executive, is a four-time British Amateur champion ('81, '86, '88 and '89) and seven-time Walker Cup competitor.



Charles Cox, 46, an Oklahoma City stockbroker, has played in 17 Masters, made the cut in 14, finished second once. He won two Amateur titles: 1946 and 1958.



Richard L. Siderowf, 33, is a Connecticut stockbroker who made the Walker Cup team in 1989, which got him into the Masters. He was low amateur in the '86 Open.

Tom Watson (left), a 30-year-old Stanford student, shot his way to Augusta by tying for 10th in last year's U.S. Amateur, his best finish in three tries.

Dr. Edgar Untereff, 48, a Tucson urologist, came in seventh in the U.S. Amateur in 1968 and was on the Walker Cup team. This will be his sixth Masters.





Six days in April: life and hard times of a Masters rookie

by **CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

John Bohmann sat in the dining room of the Chaparral Country Club on the outskirts of Seguin, Texas with a Sunday-night-special fish fry spread out neglected before him. His wife, his brother-in-law and a friend were there, too, as the conversation turned to an encounter two weeks earlier.

"She was nice—short and cute," John Bohmann was saying, "and she had on a neat little golf dress. It was sort of a shock that she even talked to me really, but I was glad I knew what to tell her. I mean, she should know."

"Well, John, you never told us you met her," Barbara Bohmann said. "What was she like? How did she have her hair? Does she follow him all the time?"

"Hold on," said John. "I didn't really even meet her. She's just short and, well, like I told you—nice. I think sometimes wives are nicer than the players."

"That's what I'm worried about, John," said Barbara. "That nobody will talk to us on the tour."

"You don't have to worry about her. I was just surprised she didn't know about the cut."

"You're forgetting," said Barbara. "She hasn't had to worry for ages about him making the cut."

"Well, except that last year when he played so badly," John Bohmann looked out at the sun setting behind the Texas horizon. "Imagine," he said "I had to tell Winnie Palmer who made the cut at the Masters."

It was not particularly surprising that John Bohmann would know all about the cut at the Masters last year. In 1969 he was particularly well informed on the subject.

Bohmann was a student at Texas Lutheran College in Seguin, where Elton Bohmann, his father, is chairman of the business department and where John studied accounting and played varsity basketball. For half his 22 years he had also been playing golf.

He had started when his family moved to Seguin in 1957; he had helped Seguin High School win the 3A division of the state high school golf tournament three years in a row, and at Texas Lutheran, a small church-affiliated school of 700 students, he competed in scores of amateur

tournaments all over Texas and then out of state. In June of 1968 he considered giving up golf following a horrendous round in the Texas State Amateur, but at the last moment decided to try to qualify for the 1968 U.S. Amateur at Scioto in Columbus, Ohio. To his consummate surprise, he made it.

His first national competition was almost traumatic. He played erratically for the first three rounds, yet managed to keep his score within reason by luck and some astonishing recoveries. The last day was perhaps Bohmann's finest round of tournament golf—a 67, which tied the Scioto competitive course record and propelled him into third place. And so he became eligible and was invited to play in the 1969 Masters. Here is how it was.

SUNDAY, APRIL 6 Dr. A. J. Bohman sat inside the boarding area at the Atlanta airport and shook his head from side to side, obviously angry. They had flown in from Texas almost three hours ago, and an air traffic jam had delayed their connection to Augusta, A.J., whose initials stand for Alfred John, is a roughbewn, white-haired, 58-year-old general practitioner from Cuern, Texas who was accompanying his cousin John to Augusta. (A.J. dropped the final "n" in Bohmann, so the story goes, because he got tired of the extra work involved in signing prescriptions.) Now, at the airport this evening, A.J.'s usually inexhaustible patience was being sorely tested by the long delay between planes in Atlanta. Even the appearance of John's cousin LuNelle, a pert blonde, and her friend Pat Smith, who had come over to the airport to see them off, had not done much to ease the situation. Nor did the presence of Gay Brewer, who waited in a nearby chair and later boarded the same plane with John and his cousin. But when Brewer got on he went to the front of the plane, the first-class cabin, while John and A.J. remained in back.

"That is the pecking order," said A.J. The plane climbed into the Georgia sky.

MONDAY, APRIL 7 John Bohmann drove his rented red Impala sedan almost the full length of the driveway leading to the Augusta National Golf Club before A.J., sitting in the back seat, realized he had forgotten his jacket to the Masters. John turned the car around and had to back the flow of traffic already converging toward the course that morning on State Highway 28, then returned 30 minutes

John Bohmann, now in the Air Force, was a Texas college student when he played in his first Masters. He's back this year.



Bohmann watches as Dave Hill loses up a putt in the par-3 tournament that precedes the Masters. Bohmann came in one over

later with the ticket. At the entrance to the players' parking lot, there was a further delay: a state trooper stopped them for not having a player's sticker on the windshield. "Got to get you a ticket or got to get you the hell out," the cop said. John backed out of the lot and went in to the registration desk. This time, with a ticket, he got in.

His first stop was the pro shop to pick up a couple of dozen balls for practice. Then he went outside and, sitting on the rear bumper of his car, changed into his golf shoes. Several of the touring pros passed to and from the course and the practice ranges, greeting their fellow players and the galleries that were beginning to form.

Allen Miller and Vinnie Giles, two other young amateurs at Augusta this year, were also there in the parking lot talking to some of the pros, but Bohmann held back, even from Giles, with whom he had played the third round in the Amateur at Seaside. And nobody paid any attention to the young blond golfer sitting on the bumper.

At the practice range Bohmann's caddy spotted an open position next to Lee Trevino, but John declined that spot and hurried on to another practice range farther away, where, for the moment, only Michael Bonallack, the British Amateur champion, was hitting. A.J. took a spot in the bleachers to watch his cousin warm up.

"If there's one thing this boy can do on the golf course," A.J. told a fellow spectator, "it's hit the ball long. I remember last year at the Amateur, Byron Nelson came on the TV saying, 'Here comes John Bohmann. He hit the longest drive here on 18 seen in many a round.'"

The question of whom John could approach at Augusta kept coming up. There were only two contestants he felt he knew well enough to ask for a game on this first busy practice day. Even Giles and Kermit Zarley, who had

been his pro-am partner at the Texas Open, were out of the question. Vinnie was too, well, in, and Zarley—why, he was a pro. No, the only two men Bohmann would really have felt comfortable approaching were Bob Barbarossa and Rik Massengale, two colleagues from his home state against whom he had competed several times before.

And so he spent most of the morning in solitude, except for occasional exchanges with his cousin ("I've got the itch again, A.J. See how I've been hooking? I thought it was gone, but it's back.") and a few minutes in which he found himself sharing the practice putting green with none other than Gene Sarazen, clad strikingly in knickers and sweater of burnt orange.

Later he managed to arrange a game with Barbarossa, who had brought a veritable family brood to Augusta, including his wife, baby and father, his wife's parents and several friends. Barbarossa had already played 36 holes here, and he filled Bohmann in. "You won't believe how plush this course is. It doesn't look that hard, either," he said with a wink. "I figure the place is cake. I'll have no problem shooting 80 or 82."

Bohmann knew what he meant about Augusta's plushness. He had walked past the woods, the flowering dogwood and azalea at Augusta that morning, stopping under the veranda and looking out over the 18th fairway. "It's so beautiful and soft and kept so nice you'd think it would be impossible to play anything but good," he said.

Now, on the No. 1 tee, Bohmann set himself for his first shot on the Masters course. He swept the club back, exhibited his hitch and came through mightily. The ball shot off low and left through a cluser of pine trees and over the mound of a hill just to the edge of the adjoining 9th fairway—a good old-fashioned duck hook that not even Augusta National could make good. His second shot dunked into deep grass just short of a bunker, and a weak chip followed by two putts all added up to an ambiguous hodge on No. 1. Subsequently he settled down. At one point, after Bohmann had pushed his mal-iron approach far to the right and onto the side of a hill, Barbarossa had urged him to try another "Go ahead," he said. "Nobody's around." But Bohmann's caddy dissented and John, remembering the Masters rule against contestants playing extra balls during practice rounds, agreed, despite the fact that the no-second-ball regulation is one of the more cordially ignored at Augusta.

"He has thought like that since he was a little kid," said A.J., walking behind the ropes on the fairway and watching. "He was brought up to play that way. If it's supposed to be done according to Hoyle, then by God he'll play the game like Hoyle."

Finally, on 11, a bad shot exasperated Bohmann enough that he decided to join the other Masters scollaws with an additional approach shot that was only a little better than his first. And, on the 18th, after he three-putted from 10 feet, he tried the first putt over again—sinking it this time and getting a warm hand from the gallery that had gathered there.

His score was 75.

"I didn't think I'd play that well, A.J.," John told his

cousin later. "I'm awful tired, but I'll tell you, I'm gonna be out here as much as possible, because I may never get back again."

TUESDAY, APRIL 8 Across Washington Road from the Augusta National Golf Club is the National Hills Shopping Center, where Marjorie Mosley helps run Mosley's National Hills Florists. Just a couple of blocks away is the Mosley home, a single story, red-brick and ranch-style dwelling that the Mosleys open to players and spectators during Masters week. This year their guests included John and A.J. So as not to impose heavily on the Mosleys' hospitality, each night the Bohmanns would drive into downtown Augusta to have a relaxed dinner, and every morning they pulled out early, around 7:15, for breakfast.

They arrived at the entrance gate of the club today at 7:25 a.m., only to find it locked. John and A.J. went downtown to have some breakfast, after which his cousin dropped John at the course and went home for some more sleep. John walked past a row of silent tents and refreshment stands and arrived at the putting green to find that one other player had beaten him to it. The player was Bob Barberossa.

The two were first off the tee at 8:20, with a small bet riding, and Bohmann finished the round by winning some money from his friend and outscoring him 79 to 82. Coming back from the registration desk after the round, Bohmann walked much more quickly than usual and he had a look of mercuriality on his face. He had been checking the pairings for Wednesday's mini-tournament on Augusta's par-3 course, a tradition among pros and amateurs alike on the day before the opening round of the Masters. "Do you know who I'm signed up with in the 3-par tournament tomorrow?" John asked Barberossa. "Ari Wall and Gary Player. I believe I'll withdraw."

"That sounds as bad as playing with Palmer, Hogan and Nicklaus," said Barberossa. "I'd bring a bulldozer to take care of my divots."

Bohmann played his third Augusta round that afternoon, getting a mighty ovation from the gallery grouped around the 6th green when he chipped in from 40 feet for a deuce. He was gaining confidence. He could feel it.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9 John Bohmann finally found some amateurs he knew, fellows like Rik Massengale, Allen Miller, Jack Lewis and Hubert Green. They were clustered around the putting green behind the clubhouse when John arrived, but they already had games lined up for the day. Since Bob Barberossa had gone off with Gales, Julius Boros and Dick Soderow, a 32-year-old amateur from Connecticut, Bohmann was left to play his final practice round alone. After seven holes, however, Bohmann met Green, Massengale and Lewis and joined them.

Among those collegiate representatives at the 1969 Masters, Hubert Green was the most effusive, glib and en-

tertaining. A friendly, homespun Southern boy from Alabama, Green had finished his eligibility at Florida State University the previous June and was serving six months' active duty as an Army Reservist. Hubert has special names for his golf scores—a 76 is "trombones"; a 77 always "sunset strip." Green gets a lot of ribbing for his putting stroke, which most nearly resembles a lady sweeping dust out of a hallway, but today he was ready. "I sweep the ball in all right," Green said at one point in the round. "Just like I swept myself out of the Army. Ten days leave, boy is that nice."

"Is that what happened?" Bohmann asked him. "I wondered where all your hair had gone."

"Next time you see me I'll have hair down to here," said Green. "I'm not gonna get another haircut ever. Or shave, or nothing."

Green furnished most of the humor as the young foursome strolled around Augusta in a casual manner that provided Bohmann a bit of relief from the pressure that he could feel building. ("That ball you just hit into the trees over there, John. That's jail. If you go looking for it, be sure to take your lunch.") Still, he worried about his attitude. Maybe it was better to play a round with a florist, as Barberossa had done, to stay serious.

At the clubhouse registration desk he picked up a pairing schedule for the next day's opening round. The long-established procedure at Augusta National is for the pairings committee to match each amateur with a former Masters champion for the first 18 holes. Beside No. 32 (starting time: 12:58) he found his own name, and next to it that of the noted TV announcer and dentist, Dr. Cary Middlecoff, his partner for tomorrow.

Bohmann was disappointed, yet somewhat relieved, when

continued



Coming out of timber trouble during his first official round, Bohmann is trailed by a small gallery. His score that day was 77.

he learned that the par-3 tournament pairings for that day were strictly informal, and that his scheduled partners, Art Wall and Gary Player, had gone ahead without him. But he linked up with Kermit Zarkey and Dave Hill and came in one over par over the nine holes.

In the pro shop afterward, he bought Barbra a large green-and-white beach towel with an expansive map of the Augusta National confined on it. It cost \$10, which he thought was high for a towel, but he decided to splurge. If he didn't play well, he reasoned, he'd use the towel to cry into.

THURSDAY, APRIL 10 All morning John Bohmann had been attempting to practice his own theory of disengagement in preparation for his first round in the Masters. The night before he had returned after midnight from the traditional banquet honoring the amateur players, and then slept till 10, much longer than he thought he'd be able to. Dressed in green slacks with a yellow shirt buttoned at the neck, he had driven into Augusta National around 11 o'clock, arriving just behind Billy Casper. He had gone to the putting green, and then to the first tee to look around before going into the clubhouse for a hamburger.

The afternoon was warm and cloudy, with a hint of rain in the air. After his sandwich, Bohmann went out to the practice tee, unlimbering, and felt good as he struck the ball. Later, on the putting green, he met his playing partner, Cary Middlecoff, who greeted him and said he was looking forward to playing with him. Bohmann thanked Middlecoff, calling him "Mister" instead of "Doctor" and then followed him to the first tee.

"Now on the tee, John Bohmann!" The starter's call caught Bohmann almost unawares, but he walked over and managed to tee up uncharacteristically. Middlecoff had already hit his drive about 260 yards out, slightly to the

right. A tiny gallery (Doug Sanders had hit just ahead and had drawn most of the spectators off with him) gave Middlecoff a polite hand and waited to watch John Bohmann's first shot in anger at the 1969 Masters.

From impact there was no doubt that it would be a fine drive. It came to rest five yards past Middlecoff, just to the right center of the fairway. If anyone clapped, John Bohmann did not hear them. He handed the driver to his caddy, smiled and hurried off the tee.

His first stroke in the Masters was not, unfortunately, an augury of things to come. Although he managed to reach the green with his second, he three-putted—missing his second putt from 10 inches—and came up with a bogey. He was angry with himself, and nothing much happened in the next few holes to change his mind. He scrambled for a par on 2, bogeyed 3 and parred 4. Another short putt failed to drop on 5, and Bohmann was talking to himself. "I guess this is what you call Masters pressure," he said. "Ah, it's ridiculous."

A J., trailing his cousin, said, "He putts too fast. I told him I told him. Too fast."

While Bohmann was letting his troubles get to him, Middlecoff was demonstrating a kind of professional cool. Bohmann had seldom seen but could have used himself this day. Often in trouble, Middlecoff always managed to struggle back and stay within range of par. ("That's what you have to do when you're 48, eh, Cary?" shouted a man from the gallery at one point. "You gotta scramble, eh, baby?") Meanwhile, Bohmann—apart from a drive on 6 was confirming his erratic round. Many of his drives outdistanced Middlecoff's, but his approaches and putts were not as good. He finished the first nine with a 38.

The back nine was more of the same—a birdie on 13, followed by a bogey on 14, birdie on 15, bogey on 17. He ended with a 39 on the back side for a total of 77, including 37 putts. Middlecoff came around in par.

As John emerged from the scoring tent after the round, head down and angry with his game, he suddenly found himself surrounded by a group of youngsters seeking his autograph. Perhaps struck by the irony of an unglorious round followed by autograph signing, John smiled for the first time since coming off the 18th green.

"Boat Man?" said one boy, examining the signature.

"No, Boat Man," said another. "This is Boat Man. Hey, what'd you shoot, Boat Man?"

Bohmann laughed and shook his head. "It's Bohmann," he said. "John Bohmann. And I shot 77. You still want my autograph?"

"Yeah, sure," said the boy. "Don't feel so bad, Boat Man. Gales shot 80. He's my cousin. At least I think he is. No, that's right, he's my cousin. And he shot 80."

After Bohmann had the autographs out of the way, Middlecoff came out of the scorers' tent and walked over to him. "I'm sorry I couldn't have putted for you today, John," he said. "You would have made 70."

FRIDAY, APRIL 11 "Did Venturi really shoot 83?" A.J. asked the next morning over breakfast. "Ken must have had both hands bothering him yesterday."



A group of youthful autograph-seekers surrounds Bohmann after his first round, undisturbed by either his obscurity or his score.

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John looked out the window and asked, "When is our flight out of Augusta?"

"We're on a plane to Atlanta on Sunday at 5:23," A.J. said with bravado. "You'll probably be coming up the 18th fairway at that time, but it's the only plane I could get. If you are, we'll change to a later flight. I don't suppose we'll be worried about the plane in that case. If you win it all, we don't have to go home. We're going to New York. We'll be on Ed Sullivan, and everything will be taken care of."

John Bohmann continued to stare out the window, oblivious to the humor. "I'm the first one off the tee. I sort of like that 9 o'clock time." He paused and looked at A.J. "If I can shoot par, I think I can make the cut. What's that they say... I 'break the trail' today. I'll just have to put a good score up there and let them shoot at it."

Bohmann was dressed in rust-colored slacks and a black shirt as he and Jerry Pittman, an amiable 32-year-old club pro from Long Island, led off the Masters field before a disinterested gallery of small proportions on this second morning of the tournament. For John Bohmann the day began abysmally.

On the 1st hole he duck-hooked his drive three-fourths of the way up the hill and into a group of trees. His second shot, a three-iron, hit the top of a large pine tree and bounced into the No. 9 fairway. He had no shot to the green, so he settled for an iron about 30 yards short of the hole. He ended up with a double-bogey 6.



Wearied and dejected, Bohmann waits for his partner to putt and ponders the adversities of golf on one of the closing greens.

He took another 6 at the par-5 2nd, parred 3 and then bogeyed the next three holes—his worst string at Augusta so far. By the time he turned for home he was already seven over par. The back nine was highlighted by a series of tee shots that slammed into trees, then bounced back out onto the fairway. Bohmann could only laugh at the incongruity of it all. Pittman was also encountering disaster, which didn't help.

Not until the 17th did he really come off the tee well, connecting with a long, straight drive. Walking up the fairway, he was almost ebullient. "How you playing?" asked a spectator crowding the fairway nearby.

"I'm not playing at all," said Bohmann.

He ended the back nine with a 39 for a round of 82. He knew he had played his last hole of the 1969 Masters. After the scorecard was turned in, Bohmann quickly made his way through the huge, jostling crowd around the first tee: he did not stop on his walk to the parking lot, nor even to look for A.J.

He drove to the Mosley house, went inside and placed a telephone call to Segun. It was not a lengthy one.

"I took 82. Dad, I started off with a duck hook. On the second hole I did the same thing. From then on I was off in the trees on the right all day.

"... Who? Gosh, I forgot who I played with. Gosh, who did I play with?"

More relaxed now, Bohmann drove back to Augusta National. He had a sandwich, then walked out to the 16th green to watch the last of the field come in. A.J. saw John coming. "Well," he said, "we had fun."

"Yeah, while it lasted," John said. "It didn't last."

Bohmann left A.J. and walked across the 2nd fairway, now deserted by the trampling, scampering galleries. He met Hubert Green, the fairway jester, over by the main scoreboard near the clubhouse. Bohmann discovered that he had finished ahead of Ralph Guldahl, a former champion. "Look at that," he said to Green. "Some guy saved me. I won't be last man. What did you shoot?"

"Today, sunset strip. Seventy-seven," said Green. "Trombones one day and a little strip the next. Hey, I heard your first drive today wasn't exactly prime area."

"Well, no," John laughed.

Then John Bohmann went out to the 18th green to watch the conclusion of the second round. He saw Billy Casper come in at seven under par. He saw Bruce Devlin roll in a 45-foot putt from the fringe to tie Casper for the halfway lead. He saw Arnold Palmer struggle home with 148, four over par.

"I don't think he made it," Bohmann heard a woman with short brown hair saying to a friend near the scoreboard. "The low 40 and ties would make 147 the cutoff. He's at 148."

"Say, do you know the cutoff point?" she asked Bohmann.

"It's 148—low 44 and ties," said Bohmann to the woman. "Don't worry, ma'am. Your husband made it by one shot."

"Are you sure?" wondered Winnie Palmer. "Well, if you're a player, I guess you ought to know."

END



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How I adopted Nijinsky, my son the swan

A U.S. birdman finds parenthood at
Peter Scott's famed Wildfowl Trust



When I drove into the well-landscaped grounds of Artist-Conservationist Peter Scott's Wildfowl Trust in Gloucestershire one typical English September day (dull, damp, dismal), I had nothing more in mind than viewing his remarkable living collection of bird species. I certainly had no thought of becoming a foster father to one of his swans. But now that I am, I can go to Slimbridge in midwinter and sit in Scott's heated observatory and view my adopted son through a pane of glass, just like any proud father in a maternity ward.

Scott has assembled, in Slimbridge, the finest collection of waterfowl to be found anywhere: 1,500 birds of more than 130 species, gathered from around

the world and living now on 44 acres of Trust lands, half of them under water. The son of Antarctic Explorer Robert Falcon Scott, who died in 1912 after reaching the South Pole, Peter Scott's paintings of birds are known throughout the world, and his efforts in behalf of endangered bird species have gained him many naturalist admirers.

Scott has the ornithological equivalent of a green thumb—webbed, perhaps?—and in Slimbridge, a quarter of a mile from the River Severn's majestic estuary, he has raised thousands of valuable waterfowl, among them more Ne-Ne geese than could be found in the Hawaiian Islands—their native habitat. In fact, Scott shipped 144 of this endangered species back to Maui to restock the island. He has at the Trust all six of the world's species of flamingos, and he has bred three of them—including, last year, the rare James's Andean flamingo, which had never reproduced in captivity.

Why does he do it? Scott has enough other accomplishments to keep half a dozen men busy. He is a painter of people as well as birds, he is a glider pilot, a figure skater, an International-class dinghy champion and was rated Britain's top yachtsman to take the helm of *Sonerriva* in her challenge for the America's Cup in 1964. Scott's place in the English Establishment was assured from birth. His godfather was Sir James (Peter Pon) Barrie, and as a child Scott was allowed to address the Right Honorable H. H. Asquith, then Prime Minister, as Squiff.

But it is conservation that rivets Scott's mercurial attentions today. A keen wildfowler as a youth, he has laid aside the shotgun for the pen and brush. He is motivated by the statistics of wildlife attrition, as well as esthetics. Since the dodo became extinct in 1681, no fewer than 100 species of birds have died out, Scott says, and there are at least as many threatened today. "Probably the only answer is a kind of Noah's ark," he says, "capturing some and taking them to a part of the world where they can live in safety." He has already done this for an endangered breed of Arabian antelope, a variety of oryx, as well as the Ne-Ne goose.

Scott has every imaginable kind of swan at his preserve: more North American trumpeters (once a threatened species) than I ever found in Alberta or Montana, as well as countless European

whoopers, South American blacknecks and the ill-tempered Australian blacks. The least known of the Northern white species is Bewick's swan, the one—thanks to my having joined Scott's adoption scheme—that has become my favorite. Because of its size (only four feet from bill tip to tail vs. live feet for the trumpeter and whooper), it rates mostly disparaging adjectives in the bird guides. But Scott discovered that the Bewick's (named for engraver Thomas Bewick) has a characteristic that makes it the most interesting of all the swans and most valuable for scientific research and conservation—not to mention adoption.

Although *Cygnus bewickii* was first recognized and named by Thomas Yarrell in 1830, it took more than 130 years for someone to discover that no two Bewick's are alike. Peter Scott was the someone. He noticed also that the swans themselves recognize their individualism and remain loyal to mates and offspring. Bewick's (pronounced Bucks) nest on the desolate arctic tundra of the Eurasian land mass from Lapland to the Kolyma River north of Petropavlovsk. As the tundra freezes, the swans take off, but stay in family groups. With their young they fan out to the south and west, many wintering in the British Isles. In 1948 a few began arriving in Slimbridge, and in 1963-64 they staged a mass invasion. Scott, studying them, noticed that the yellow coloring around the base of their bills was different in each swan, whereas other adult swans are look-alikes. With a telephoto lens, he could get a mug shot of each Bewick's as distinct as a fingerprint.

But then those hungry Bewick's—sometimes 300 at a time—began to cost the Trust a fortune. Scott figured out a plan to defray the cost of feeding each bird (about \$12 per winter), by getting conservationists to adopt swans and pay for their upkeep. The unique coloration around the bill would give each adoptive parent a sense of identity with his own bird. In February 1967 he launched his appeal and soon had 63 foster parents—or, as he calls them, "swan supporters"—signed up.

The day I visited Slimbridge in September, I picked up a leaflet describing the scheme, and I soon sent my \$12, along with a request that my adopted swan son be named Nijinsky. The Trust does not guarantee to give a bird the name its supporter selects, but I was

lucky. As a Christmas card, I got an outline drawing of a Bewick's head by Scott (opposite), with Nijnsky's unique bill pattern painted in by one of his assistants and a description of Nijnsky's arrival in Slimbridge. He came in with his mate on the pond at Scott's preserve, called (what else?) Swan Lake, in the evening of last Nov. 17. The mate was timorous and flew off, most likely to the wider spaces of the estuary. But Nijnsky landed and stayed overnight. Next day he went to look for her and brought her back. This time she decided to stay. Her name is Caroline.

Among the 225 swan supporters already enrolled are several others who live in the U.S., including one in Alaska. If we foster parents can get to Gloucestershire before the end of this week, Scott informs us, we can study the habits and social behavior of our offspring and listen to their swan music, all from the sheltered comfort of the swan observatory. After that, they depart on their 2,000-to-3,000-mile odyssey to arctic Russia. Scott describes the winter scene at Swan Lake:

"The nearest swan is just four yards away, and the farthest 60 yards. The pond is that small, and quite a sight when full, as it is today with a count of 320. When our total of recorded Bewick's was only about 300, I could tell them all apart. Now that we have 900 recorded, I haven't been able to keep up, but my wife and daughter and our assistant, Mary Evans, can.

"We are going to continue recording the new arrivals, and marking up the return visits of our old friends, and at the same time studying their behavior. We want to know what makes them tick—what brings out their aggression, what causes them to be upset, what makes them tame. . . . The Bewick's seem to be tremendously family-minded. There has never been a divorce among the 900. They really stick to their mates. The parent birds lead their families on two long migrations each year, which I suppose is what gives them that strong family tie. I find these birds beautiful, mysterious and fascinating."

I hope to hear, by next Christmas, that Nijnsky has returned with the same mate and that they have brought some handsome young to be my adoptive grandchildren. It's easily worth the \$12 a year I pay in homage to Peter Scott's swan-upmanship.

END

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By Appointment
To The President of the United States

The lords of tennis are at each other's throats again. The United States Lawn Tennis Association is threatening to bar the contract pros from playing at Forest Hills and the contract pros are saying they may not show up even if they are invited. The USLTA has been scurrying around holding a lot of meetings, trying to decide what to do with these greedy pro promoters who want to take so much out of the game and give so little back. It was bad enough when they insisted on management fees—expenses—at Forest Hills last year. Now they are hoping to promote several open tournaments of their own and they want the blessing of the International Lawn Tennis Federation. Talk about brass! Don't they realize who runs this game?

Let us digress for a moment and read from Article I of the USLTA Constitution: *The USLTA is a nation-wide, non-commercial membership organization devoted to the development of tennis as a means of healthful recreation and physical fitness and to the maintenance of high standards of amateurism, fair play and sportsmanship.*

Ah yes, those high standards of amateurism. The USLTA may have many things on its mind these days but amateurism is not one of them. The current hickering over management fees and tournament promotions is just a minor skirmish in the major battle for control of professional tennis. Not content with running the amateur game, the USLTA would like nothing better than to put World Championship Tennis and the National Tennis League, two pro organizations which between them have 32 of the world's top players, out of business. It is a battle that already has done much to retard the development of the game at a time when other sports are surging ahead in popularity, a battle that has cost tennis the respect of the sporting public. The pro promoters are not entirely blameless but the major share of the guilt must lie with the USLTA.

It is important to understand that the USLTA is very much in the business of promoting professional tennis. Those high standards of amateurism may have been brightly burning beacons in the days when R. D. (Dicky) Sears was beating everyone at Newport, but somewhere along the line the flame flickered and died. Amateur stars began showing up at tournaments and receiving envelopes

Confusion in the backcourt

in the continuing battle between the USLTA and the contract pros the score stands at deuce and no one seems to know who is serving

with "expenses" aside, while USLTA officials (and those of the parent body, the International Lawn Tennis Federation) stood idly by. It was not merely a joke when a player would say "I'd like to turn pro, but I can't afford to."

For years the payment of generous expenses, both in the U.S. and abroad, effectively subdued professional tennis. Sure, Jack Kramer had his little group of touring pros, and every so often he would steal into the amateurs' camp and pirate away a Ken Rosewall, Lew Hoad or Tony Trabert, but usually only one at a time. That left the bulk of the leading tournament players still under USLTA (or ITF) control.

Then along came World Championship Tennis and the National Tennis League and suddenly everyone seemed to be signing up. Not just a Rod Laver but all the Roches, Newcombes and Drysdale, too. In short, everyone you would expect to see in the round of 16 at Wimbledon.

Something had to be done and indeed something was. At the historic ITF meeting in Paris in March of 1968 at which the federation decided to allow open tennis and thus let pros play at Wimbledon, Forest Hills and a few other tournaments, it also agreed to establish a new breed of player, the registered player, a person who was neither pro nor amateur. He would be able to pick up prize money in open tournaments just like a pro but he would still be eligible for the Davis Cup like an amateur. It was an obvious attempt to keep players under the control of the national associations.

The USLTA did not adopt the new category at first, but events at Forest Hills that September precipitated a change. Arthur Ashe won the first U.S. Open by beating Tom Okker. Ashe, as an amateur, got expenses, a lot of handshakes and a big trophy. Okker, as a registered player, walked off with \$14,000,

money that would have been Ashe's if the USLTA had approved the new category and if Ashe had opted to play under it. Now it was clear that unless the USLTA moved fast Ashe, along with his Davis Cup teammate Clark Graebner, would accept a pro contract. Thus, at the annual USLTA meeting in February 1969 that body so devoted to amateur ideals created the category of "player," someone who not only could play for prize money but could endorse products, teach tennis and anything else you want, Arthur. Just don't sign a pro contract with WCT or NTI.

To make certain that "players" would be sure of making enough money to keep from turning pro the USLTA also

continued



PRESIDENT MARTIN OF THE USLTA

sanctioned a whole raft of tournaments offering nearly \$300,000 in prize money and from which pros were barred—Dutch door opens, they are called. Ashe and the rest of the Davis Cup team were quick to realize that they had excellent haggling power over the USLTA and they have exercised it. Just three weeks ago in Boston a simulated Davis Cup match was scheduled—Ashe, Cliff Richey, Stan Smith and Graebner against a team of Australian contract pros. A USLTA team against a contract pro team? You can't play, the USLTA told Ashe and the rest. Ashe said they would play anyway. And they did.

Once you realize that nearly every major decision in recent years has been geared to eliminating or at least combating the contract pros, then the minor disputes become easier to understand. Take the current one that promises to give us a Forest Hills without Rod Laver, the defending champion, and his fellow contract pros.

The USLTA, in its role as a promoter of professional tennis, wanted some sort of guarantee that at every one of their open tournaments there would be a certain number of contract pros. That's fine, said the pros, if you will give us permission to promote about 10 open tournaments of our own. The pros thought they had a verbal agreement with Alastair Martin, president of the USLTA, and Boh Malaga, executive secretary, but when written confirmation arrived in Dallas, home base of WCT, it mentioned only two or three opens to be promoted by the pros.

The pros say they got Malaga on the phone and that he told them there was no problem and that they should merely jot down the names of the cities where they'd like to hold their opens. The way Malaga remembers it, the pros jotted down a lot of other things too. All that is known for certain is that when the amended written agreement was presented at the annual USLTA meeting in Tucson last month it was rejected flatly. So as things stand, the contract pros will not play in any more USLTA-sponsored opens, including Forest Hills.

The pros will tell you there isn't really any money in open tournaments anyway, certainly not for the promoters who pay the air fare for their players and share none of the prize money or gate receipts. The pro promoters lost a bundle at the first U.S. Open in 1968 and



ASHE IS AT PRESENT A "PLAYER"

so last year demanded and got \$10,000 from Forest Hills to defray expenses. The USLTA was unhappy, stating that this sort of thing would ruin open tennis. "Why should the contract pros get expenses," asked one USLTA man, "when Arthur and Clark are willing to play for prize money alone?" The answer would seem to be that that's the price Arthur and Clark pay for remaining eligible for Davis Cup play. At any rate, an agreement was finally reached whereby an impartial committee will rank the top 50 players in any open tournament and they will be paid expenses in descending amounts. The contract pros will turn their expense money over to the promoters. That is, if they ever play in an open again.

One might argue that the battle between the USLTA and the contract pros even carries over to the distribution of prize money at opens. There seems to be a tendency to spread the money out too thin, giving perhaps more than is necessary to first-round losers. A better idea

would be to pay first-round losers nothing—on the golf tour they call it missing the cut—thus freeing \$16,000 for, say, the quarterfinalists on up. But then most of the better players are contract pros, and the USLTA is not about to put extra money in their pockets.

The contract pros feel they can survive nicely without opens anyway. They are skipping the French Open, which offers an \$8,000 first prize but no expense money. Instead the pros will be in St. Louis for a tournament sponsored by Rawlings. Travel expenses will of course be less, the tournament will last only five days, compared to the French Open's two weeks, and first prize is, oddly enough, exactly \$8,000.

The latest attempt by the USLTA to deal a death blow to the pro promoters is Jack Kramer's idea for a Grand Prix of tennis. Now Jack Kramer is hardly a USLTA man—he and Martin have an extremely guarded relationship—but it so happens that the Grand Prix could not be better for the organization if Martin himself had thought of it. The Grand Prix calls for a series of USLTA-sponsored opens for men only. There would be 32 tournaments in all and each would, in addition to paying out prize money, contribute a lump sum into a bonus pool. At the end of the year the leading player (based on a point standing) would win \$50,000. Second man would win \$30,000 and on down the line for 16 players. Oh yes, to be eligible for the bonus pool a player would have to play in 80% of the tournaments, thus occupying most of his time. Kramer flatly admits that his plan leaves the pro promoters in the cold, but suggests they could be allowed to promote several of the tournaments. "Right," says Mike Davies of WCT, "Albuquerque, Little Rock, jewels like that. No, I don't think we'll go for that plan."

There is one plan that would bring harmony to tennis, that would be for the good of the game, a phrase that keeps bobbing up amidst all the haggling that has gone on for so long. The USLTA could do immeasurable service for tennis if it took a deep breath and announced that henceforth there will be only two kinds of player in the U.S.: amateurs and pros, and that from this time on the USLTA will be dealing strictly with amateurs. Let every player declare what he is. If Arthur Ashe chooses to be an amateur, fine, but no more prize

continued

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TENNIS — continued

money. Surely Ashe and many others would elect to turn professional, thus stripping the USLTA of all its name players, but it would be gaining integrity, something it has lacked for years. Gone would be the murky area, the category of "player" that makes tennis look so ridiculous and dishonest to the man in the street. No longer would the USLTA have to compromise itself by letting players set the rules.

Having made that decision, the USLTA would be free to concentrate on the amateur game, all that grass-roots stuff it keeps talking about. It might come as a surprise to the USLTA, but there is still great interest in amateur sports in the U.S. and chances are that tournaments at such established sites as Orange, Merion and Newport would be as popular as ever. Davis Cup? It can return to being a pure amateur event, which is what old Dwight Davis wanted in the first place. The Walker Cup in golf has shown how exciting an amateur team match can be.

One other thing the USLTA must do is elect a full-time commissioner and then give him the power to make decisions and rulings on his own, without reference to the vast network of USLTA committees and subcommittees that tend to delay or stop progressive legislation. Alastair Martin has proved to be a surprisingly strong and effective president and without the weight of the USLTA on his back might well have reached some sort of truce with the pros.

Rededicated to the high standards of amateurs, the USLTA could sit back and watch how the pros do on their own, coming into contact with them only when it runs the U.S. Open and the Women's Open. Yes, let's make it two separate tournaments.

The pros, on their part, would have to solve the problem of the best way to set up a tour. World Championship Tennis thinks the two pro groups will soon merge, regardless of what the USLTA does, and it focuses the day when all pros are on their own — no more contracts — thus freeing promoters to set up an office similar to golf's PGA, one that could work at lining up sponsors. Why not a Dew Jones Open? Hollywood loves tennis, so how about a Danah Shore pro-am? The future of tennis depends on a strong pro game but every pro sport needs a solid amateur foundation. That should be the function of the USLTA.

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THIS wired New York Yankee President Michael Burke to his New York Met counterpart Donald Grant last September. The once unstoppable General Motors of baseball has been rolling on flat tires the past few seasons, and the Mets' sudden burst into glory was another jolt on the Yankees' long road back to success. But cheerfully, now that the Yankees are at the low point of their recent history, there are clear signs they are gathering speed. An excellent crop of young players, led by a rookie catcher with the unlikely name of Thurman Munson, has pumped life into the team, which could—the operative word is could—be a contender this season. If that happens, argues Burke, then the fans will find the Yankees equally as lovable as the Mets.

In 1969 the Yankees drew 1,067,996 spectators, the smallest number since World War II, and more than a million fewer than the Mets. Even in their last pennant-winning year, 1964, the Yanks were outdrawn by the Mets, and since their descent into the second division they have hardly been noticed. With the departure of Mickey Mantle a year ago, the club of Ruth, Gehrig and DiMaggio was left with only one outstanding player, Pitcher Mel Stottlemyre, who has won 20 games in three of the last five seasons but who has about as much glamour as Harold Stassen.

Poor performance and the absence of shiny names has badly eroded fan appeal. The so-called "limousine" crowd, the New York businessmen who sit in corporation boxes and cheer as if they are afraid of dripping mustard on their \$20 ties, was once a basic reason why the Yankees were considered a cold, distant plutocracy by many average fans, but they bought tickets. Not so long ago the Yankees used to be inundated each year with requests for season boxes. Now the demand has gone down drastically as the limousines head for Shea Stadium. Something similar has happened with tourists in New York. Fewer out-of-towners

The Yanks are coming, or so they hope

are coming to cheer for the visiting team against the hated Yankees. "It used to sound as though there were more people cheering against us than for us," says Yankee Vice-President Bob Fishel. "That doesn't happen anymore."

The decline of the Yankees has not been solely a result of the Mets' presence, even though there is a lingering feeling that New York is essentially a National League city. Fishel, who has been the Yankees' public-relations director since 1954, blames it on a lack of aggressiveness. "We missed the boat between 1958 and 1961 when we had the city to ourselves," he says. "We did not try hard enough to attract the kids who had been fans of the teams that had left New York. And we weren't aggressive enough signing players. We tried to econ-

omize on bonuses by telling prospects that they would make more money once they got to New York. We ended up being outbid for players like Carl Yastrzemski, Joe Foy, Rocco Petrolcelli, Rick Reichardt and Sam McDowell."

The Yankees still suffer from that penurious period but, paradoxically, the current revival of the team can be dated from its 1968 purchase by the Columbia Broadcasting System, which initially seemed likely to propel the Yankees to new heights of remote, corporate haughtiness. Burke, the man CBS put into the top executive position with the Yankees, is advertising smart, public-relations alert. His clothes are current, he wears his gray hair in a flowing mane and he sits and talks with fans in every part of the stadium. He even greets hippies with the peace sign.

"There were two major things that had to be done when we took over the Yankees," said Burke. "First, we had to build a new ball club of good, young players. There is nothing better than a good team to draw large crowds. Second, we had to change the whole climate of the Yankees. Whether the Yankees were really cold or not, or cared about the fans or not, was not material. What was important was that fans felt the Yankees were cold."

Lee MacPhail, the general manager, has the player responsibility, but Burke took the second problem on himself. He changed Yankee Stadium's color scheme, had extra lighting installed around the park and got New York City to help improve parking facilities. He had front-office people sit in every section to find out which seats are blocked by posts (in the future, they will be the last seats sold), and he let hordes of kids in free.

"I feel now that our efforts with the fans are actually ahead of the development of the team," says Burke. Last year's attendance figures refute this, but there have been isolated instances of fan enthusiasm that indicate if the Yankees field a good team, the turnstiles will begin clicking again. Early last season, before the Mets began to move, the Yankees' Bobby Murcer, and not Tom Seaver or Cleon Jones, was the talk of New York because of his fast, home-run hitting start. The team had the



LONG-HAIRED MIKE BURKE SETS CLUB'S NEW YORK

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league's second best pitching staff in 1969, and if impressive youngsters like Bill Burbach and Ron Klemkowski, the International League's ERA champion, come along, the turnstiles will move that much faster. During the winter MacPhail, who said in 1967 it would take five seasons to build a good team and who after three appears to be on schedule, traded for Danny Cater and Curt Blefary, both of whom should hit well in Yankee Stadium and drive in key runs for a team that lost 28 one-run games in 1969.

However, Thurman Munson, the big young catcher, is the new comer on whom the Yankees are putting the most pressure. "If he doesn't make it, we're in trouble," said one club official. After 38 years of Bill Dickey, Yogi Berra and Elston Howard, the Yankees struggled through four seasons with workhorse Jake Gibbs catching most of the games capably enough but batting only .227. Then last summer the club suddenly found itself with three hard-hitting young receivers. One of them, 26-year-

old Jack Fernandez, went in the trade for Cater. A second, 21-year-old John Ellis, was converted into a first baseman and hit impressively enough this spring to guarantee himself a spot on the roster. The third, 22-year-old Munson, has been given the first-string catching job.

Munson cut down seven of the 12 runners who attempted to steal on him when he appeared briefly with New York last year, and he has gained respect as a disciplined right-handed hitter who rarely strikes out. Baltimore Pitcher Dave Leonhard, who played against Munson in the Puerto Rican winter league, says, "He's going to be very good. He was the toughest out in Puerto Rico. I'd say from what I saw of him there that he may be harder to pitch to than any player the Yanks had last year."

Munson, who has been called too cocky, has the self-assurance that used to be associated with the old Yankees. "There's a difference between cockiness and brawniness," he says. "A catcher has to act proud. If he hustles and shows

authority, he can pep up an infield and jack up his pitchers." Munson likes being with the Yankees, and it has nothing to do with the mystique of wearing the storied pinstriped uniform. "There was an opportunity to move up in the organization," he says. "Also, I like New York because of the opportunities for earnings outside baseball."

The Yankees have not been getting much of the outside income lately. "I guess the Mets got most of the money in town this winter," says Bobby Murcer. "Heck, they got it all." Which helps to explain why, when the Yankees beat the Mets the first time they met in spring training this year, lefty Fritz Peterson joyously jumped off the mound after the last out, laughing and waving his index finger in the air. The Yankees still have a long way to go before they become No. 1 in New York again, but Munson quickly showed that the new Yankees might be just good enough to match the young Mets. He hit a home run his first time up against them.

END

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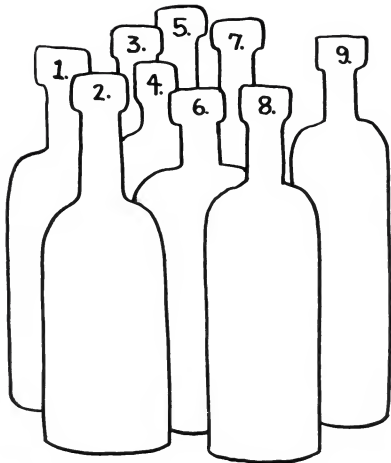


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WRESTLING / Herman Weiskopf

A good littler man wins big

Larry Owings dropped 31 pounds in order to meet Dan Gable in the NCAA championships—and handed him his first loss in 162 matches

It was late last Saturday morning and Mack Gable was lounging in his suite at the Orrington Hotel in Evanston, Ill. This was the day he had been looking forward to for a long time: for later that night his son Dan would have a chance to win his third NCAA wrestling title. It was also the night Dan would conclude the most distinguished career in the history of wrestling and perhaps in all collegiate sport. In three years of high school in Waterloo, Iowa and four at Iowa State he had won all of his 181 matches.

"Dan came to me last night and said, 'Are you worried about Owings?'" Mack Gable recalled. (Larry Owings of Washington was to be Dan's opponent in the finals of the 142-pound division.) "I told him, 'I worry about all of 'em.'" Dan said, "Don't, I know I can beat him." I told him, "O.K., but remember that anything can happen..."

It did.

The buildup for this match began on Wednesday when Owings registered to compete at 142 pounds. People snickered at Gable, on the other hand, came to the championships at Northwestern with the biggest advance billing any college wrestler has ever had. He was going to be the first to be undefeated in both high school and college. His celebrity was such that he had been constantly accepting awards, giving speeches, posing for pictures, signing autographs and enduring interviews. And during the past year he had been replying to more than 20 letters a week.

"Kids want to know my secret," Gable said. "I don't have a secret, but I tell them about the way I do things, and to train hard. One girl wrote that her boyfriend was a state high school champ and she wanted me to encourage him in wrestling. She also wanted me to tell him that she really loves him, because she felt he'd believe it if I told him so. I was glad to write the letter."

Thus, then, was Dan Gable, hero. Owings was not cast as the villain, but that

was mainly because hardly anyone felt he had a chance to be the first to beat Gable. Several fine wrestlers had deliberately avoided the 142-pound class—and Gable—by going up to 150 or down to 134. Not Owings. He went out of his way to face Gable, cutting his weight from 173 pounds to do so.

"I want to face Gable for the championship," Owings said on the first day of the tournament. "I faced him at the Olympic Trials in '68 and he beat me. I was a high school senior, and he was already a national champ. I made up my mind back then that I wanted to meet him again and beat him."

"I weighed 173 lbs full, and during the season I wrestled three times in the 177-pound class and won all three. Then I really cut down. I got to 155 easy. I had to work harder and eat less to get to 148, and then I almost had to stop eating completely to make 142."

"I think 142 is right for me. Last year I made a mistake at the Nationals by cutting too much weight. I had decided to avoid Gable [Dan competed at 137 pounds], so I cut down to 130. I won three matches. Then I lost 14-12 because my stamina was low. Right then I decided to go after Gable this year."

"My favorite pastime is eating, especially shrimp. After the Nationalist year, I must have gained 25 pounds in a week. My stomach hurt so much I couldn't sleep. I had to lie in bed with my belly hanging over the side."

Owings was far more accomplished than most people realized. He had won more than 200 matches in high school and at the Greco-Roman trials for the 1968 Olympics he had finished first in his weight before being knocked off the team in a round of final eliminations. This season he had lost only one of 24 matches and that to Mike Grant of Oklahoma, last year's 145-pound titlist.

Owings was seeded second at Northwestern, thus making it possible for him to face Gable in the finals—if he could win all his bouts along the way. The 19-

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year-old sophomore from Canby. One came to the tournament with two handicaps: a dislocated left thumb and back pains from a congenital condition he describes as "a split tailbone." But Owings also came with armor-plated optimism. "When I'm injured," he said, "I always wrestle better. I'm not saying I'll beat Gable, but I think I have a good chance."

Still, Owings drew little attention during the early rounds. Gable, however, was so much a favorite that as soon as it was announced on which of the 10 mats he was to wrestle, thousands of spectators shifted to the appropriate side of the bleachers. Besides being a winner and Mom's apple pie, Gable is a crowd pleaser, the type who shoots for a pin from start to finish—and holds the record of 24 consecutive pins.

It was largely because of Gable that the tournament was such a success. There were 394 entrants from 117 schools (both all-time highs for the NCAA championships), and a total of 31,000 spectators watched the three-day show.

Gable pinned his first five foes in an average of just over four minutes each. Owings got four pins and displayed sufficient speed, strength and cunning to make it evident that his optimism was due to more than mere bravado. Thus the scene was set for Saturday's match, by which time Iowa State had locked up its second straight team title.

In the suite occupied by Gable's parents, a stock of 7-Up was being laid in, the better to celebrate the wins by Dan and the Cyclones. Owings' plans were less definite. "When it's over I guess I'll eat a lot of shrimp," he said. "I just found out that my wisdom teeth are coming in, and maybe that means I'll be smarter and able to win this time."

"My girl friend called me from Seattle this morning at 7. Lynda said that if I didn't win she'd wreck my car. She drove me to the airport and still has my '66 Malibu, so I guess I'd better win."

And then it was time for the showdown. Gable and Owings sparred only briefly in the opening period, which begins with both men standing. With 29 seconds gone, Gable dived in for a two-point takedown. Owings got one point for an escape and then executed a whirling side-spinthrough that sent him sliding across the mat and behind Gable for a takedown and 3-2 lead.

The final two periods are three minutes

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WRESTLING *roundtable*

utes each and commence with both men on the mat, one with his hands and knees flush to the surface, the other on top with one hand around his foe's waist, the other on an elbow. Gable was on top, but 27 seconds later Owings had escaped and pulled off a fireman's carry for a takedown and a 6-2 lead. Gable was then penalized for intentionally going off the mat. In quick succession, Gable got a reversal, Owings an escape and Gable a takedown. The round ended with Owings in command 8-6 and with some 8,500 fans in near-hysteria.

Owings started the last period on top, only to have Gable reverse him quickly and tie the score. Over and over they rolled, Gable hanging on and looking for a pin, Owings trying to break free. Owings got loose with 1-03 to go. That put him ahead 9-8 on the scoreboard, but Gable had ridden him long enough to have piled up two points for riding time and a 10-9 edge.

With half a minute left they were upright near the edge of the mat. "I had his arms locked in front of his chest," Owings said later. "I looked down and saw his feet, and I knew I had to go for them. I tripped him and as he went down I was on top of him and got his shoulders to the mat." Owings got two points for a takedown, two for driving Gable's shoulders to the mat. Owings now led 13-11 with 22 seconds left.

Gable needed only five of those seconds to escape and make it 13-11. Both tried for takedowns and went off the mat. As he walked back on, Gable glanced at the scoreboard in disbelief. Three seconds left. Two points behind. To get a tie he needed a takedown for which there was hardly time. Gable was stunned, so much so that it was Owings who drove in to try for a takedown. At the buzzer Gable sagged to one knee. He had lost.

Fifteen minutes later Gable mounted the victory platform beside Owings and accepted something he had never received before—a second-place medal. As he took it, 8,500 people rose to applaud. Gable's chin was on his chest. He bit his lips. The applause continued. Thirty seconds. Forty-five. It lasted another half-minute and during that time Gable slowly raised his head until it was erect. Even in victory he had never been so honored nor received the tribute of a crowd that expressed itself more eloquently. **END**



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BY HAL HIGDON



Some wear numbers that resemble secret agent's.

MICHIGAN CITY, IND.: MARCH 21, 1969, 7:30 P.M. It is Friday evening. I'm lying down on the couch. I test my right thigh with one hand. It feels different from the left thigh. I think my leg is asleep. My circulatory system is failing. I am certain I have cancer, or gangrene, or po-doprosis, or something Oriental. I'm going to die.

My only worry is whether or not death will come in the next 31 days. After that I don't particularly care, because I will have run in the Boston Marathon exactly one month from today. I have been anticipating running once more in this greatest of all American long-distance running events for nearly a year, training 60 to 70 miles a week on the roads near my home. I hate to waste all that effort by dying a few days too early.

Moreover, I hate to disappoint my wife Rose. I have run in seven Boston Marathons and each time she has stayed home. This year, for the first time, I plan to take her along as a spectator. Moreover, before the race we intend to spend two or three days in New York attending Broadway plays and spending my money on Fifth Avenue. Sort of a second honeymoon. But what a way to end a honeymoon—by running 26 miles 385 yards. Nevertheless, if I die before April 21 she never will forgive me.

MICHIGAN CITY, APRIL 7, 11:30 A.M. Steve Kearney, a junior at Ball State, is home for Easter vacation. We work

continued



Peter works in Wellesley, this love him there

out together. I run 20 miles, but Steve only goes half that distance because of an injured leg. Athletes must learn to live with pain. Steve also plans to run at Boston. Everybody plans to run at Boston. I received a letter yesterday from Jock Semple of the sponsoring Boston Athletic Association, and he anticipates 1,400 entries.

The Boston Marathon owes its position alongside other sporting events, such as the Kentucky Derby, the Indianapolis 500 and Wimbledon, to tradition. In addition to being the most popular marathon race in the United States it is the oldest. In 1896 the organizers of the first modern Olympic Games in Greece decided to include a race from the plain of Marathon to Athens. This race of about 25 miles would commemorate the run by the legendary Pheidippides, who in the fifth century B.C. is supposed to have announced the Greek triumph over the invading Persians by shouting, "Rejoice, we conquer." He then died. That provided one hell of a precedent. Anyway, several Bostonians were at the 1896 Olympic race and the following spring they organized a "marathon" in their home town.

John J. McDermott of New York's Pastime Athletic Club won the first Boston Marathon, covering nearly 25 miles in slightly less than three hours. Early marathon distances varied considerably. At the 1908 Olympics, officials added extra yardage so the race could begin at Windsor Castle and thus permit the royal family

to view the start. The 26 miles 385 yards from the castle to the Olympic stadium finish line soon became the official distance for all marathons, although the Boston course was not increased to that length until 1927. Runners having difficulty finishing the last mile blame it on the Queen of England.

MICHIGAN CITY: APRIL 14, 6 P.M. My wife and three children are seated with me at the dinner table when a red-clad figure bursts through the door. "I'm in the 12th mile of a 17-mile workout," it explains. "I need a glass of water." It lunges into the kitchen.

It is Ralph Pidcock. He is the director of the United Fund in town and a man in his early 40s. Ralph occasionally trains with me and more often uses my house as an oasis while on long runs. He only started running seriously a year ago, but he is determined to run and finish the Boston Marathon. Ralph is more typical of the com-

petitors at Boston than I, or even Steve Kearney. We expect to finish fairly near the front, in reasonably fast time (that is, under three hours), whereas the majority of Boston Marathoners harbor only a desire to finish.

The rewards at Boston are meager, particularly considering the amount of effort expended. Amateur tradition requires that no cash prizes be offered. The Boston Athletic Association eschews paying expenses even for champion athletes. The first 10 finishers get trophies. The next 25 receive medals. Those who finish under four hours will be mailed certificates.

Ralph Pidcock has finished drinking his glass of water and is moving toward the door. "Ralph," I cry. "You're running much too hard for this close to the marathon. You better slow down." Before he disappears, Ralph smiles knowingly at me. "I do that naturally," he says.

MICHIGAN CITY: APRIL 17, 5 A.M. Since I have business appointments in New York City I leave a day earlier than Rose. I pack two pairs of running shoes: one pair to warm up in, the other to race in. Before leaving I set out a third pair. "In case the airlines lose my luggage, bring these," I tell Rose. "What if the airlines lose my luggage, too?" she asks.

"Carry the shoes in your hand," I say.

BOSTON: APRIL 20, 1:50 P.M. The sun is shining, the air cool. We arrive by train from New York at the Back Bay station. Exiting from the station, I see the Prudential tower. The mara-

thon will finish in front of it tomorrow afternoon. We are staying practically next door at the Lenox Hotel. A taxicab passes. A man who tomorrow will be running 26 miles 385 yards cannot very well climb into a taxicab to go half a mile, can he? I nod for Rose to follow me and stride off toward the Lenox, a suitcase in each hand.

We meet Steve Kearney in the lobby. He and a friend have driven all the way from Indiana. "How are you feeling?" I ask. "My leg's a little stiff," he says. "And I'm a bit tired from the drive." I counter with, "Someone threw a rock at our train," as though this might cause me to run slower than my true potential.

We decide to attend a meeting of the Road Runners Club. In the Prudential lobby we bump into Dick King, a friend from Chicago. Dick claims he isn't in shape and doesn't expect to finish very high. Even if Dick were in shape he wouldn't finish very high, but I don't say this. I

continued



One marathoner trains university juniors who sprint up a stairway.

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talk instead about how my stiff left knee is bothering me.

In the elevator the operator eyes my wife: "Are you running tomorrow, too?"

"No," she says.

"Well, if you do you'll be the prettiest one in the race."

Rose beams. I know that when we get home she will want me to switch insurance companies.

At the meeting we sit next to John O'Neil from Cleveland, a former RRC president. John doesn't know whether he will run. He has a strained leg muscle and has been to at least 15 doctors trying to find one who will tell him to run anyway. I explain that I have spent the last three nights in New York attending Broadway plays. "Friday we saw *Hour*," says Rose.

"That should slow you at least two minutes," he says.

John O'Neil is, incontestably, a man after my own heart.

A few minutes later Pat Lanin, Ron Daws and several other members of the Twin Cities Track Club arrive and sit behind us. Lanin says he hasn't run enough miles in practice and therefore doesn't expect to do well tomorrow. I begin to explain that my wife forgot to pack her nightgown, but think better of it. Daws, a member of the 1968 Olympic team, just says hello.

Boston: 3:07 p.m. Bored with the meeting, we leave Outside. Rose discovers to her delight that our hotel is next door to Lord & Taylor. "Today is Sunday," I inform her. "It's closed."

"Tomorrow's Monday," she says. "I'll be able to shop in the morning."

"Tomorrow's Patriot's Day," I parry. "It's a holiday in Boston. Lord & Taylor will still be closed." Regardless of the outcome of tomorrow's race I will have recorded at least one triumph while in town.

I stop to buy a copy of the Boston *Herald Traveler*, which has printed the complete entry list for the race—1,328 runners in all. Runners who failed to file entries in time will start off numberless. I find myself hated as No. 47. Generally speaking, the better runners receive lower numbers. Amby Barfoot of Connecticut won the race in 1968 and has No. 1.

In the hotel lobby we meet Ralph Pickock and his wife Sue. Ralph has No. 525. I ask him how he feels. "Great," he says. Ralph is so new to road running that he doesn't even know enough to set up his excuses in advance.

Boston: 6:30 p.m. The telephone rings in our room. Dave and Dolores Williams are downstairs. They are old

friends from Chicago and Dave has brought along a dozen sheets of directions so Rose can follow the race. No cars are allowed on the course. You need to take back roads and plan on seeing the runners only every fifth or sixth mile. Dave is an engineer and his directions are precise. "Go south on Route 126 until forced to turn left by the crowd-control policeman. Park car pointed north in No Parking zone. Rush on foot to the course. If delayed by traffic skip to the next page."

In the lobby we meet John O'Neil and two runners from New York—Al Williams (no relation to Dave) and Bill Harvey and their wives. We pile into several cars to head for a restaurant named Fantasia out near Harvard Square. On the way Al's car develops a flat tire. A bad omen, I decide.

Arne Richards, who works as a librarian at Kansas State University, stayed with the Williamses last night. Dave explains that Arne has organized the janitors in his library. They do sprints up a stairway. Arne can reach the top of the stairs in 18 seconds, but one of the janitors made it in 19 seconds with heavy work boots on. "Arne claims that's a real underdeveloped talent," says Dave.

We discuss the size of the field. As recently as half a dozen years ago the record number of starters was maybe 250. Now five times that number appear. This is partly because of the tremendous interest in jogging as a sport. Joggers eventually hear about Boston and decide that they want to run the course. It takes the average jogger two years to build himself to the point where he is ready to tackle 26 miles of steady running. I anticipate 5,000 entrants at Boston in another decade. The large number of entrants produces interesting identification problems. Some runners wear letters, such as A7 or X2. They look like secret agents.

"Last year I saw a runner with 707 on his chest," says Dave. "I asked him if his first name was Boeing. He got mad."

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.: 9:30 p.m. Rose orders scrod. I order spaghetti and eat lots of rolls. In the past, athletes used to eat steak for raw power, but physiologists now claim you get better results in endurance events by fueling with carbohydrates.

"I've never felt pain during a marathon," explains Al Williams. "Fatigue, yes, but not pain. Maybe that's my

continued



A perennial hazard of the marathon is dogs that yop at your feet.

problems. If I could push farther into the pain barrier I might run faster."

"The marathon is an unusual race," I explain to Dave's wife. "For the first 10 or so miles you move at such a relatively easy pace that running is quite enjoyable. You must hold back. If you don't you're in trouble. You pay for early excesses. In a mile run if you push the first quarter fast you may come unglued in the third lap, but you can always put through that last quarter. These few miles quit except from sheer cowardice. In a marathon, on the other hand, if you fall apart three-fourths of the way through you have another half dozen miles and maybe 45 more minutes of running ahead of you. That's when it hurts. You may not finish. You won't finish if some well-meaning soul comes along and offers you a ride. The difference between the mile and the marathon is the difference between hurting your fingers with a match and being slowly roasted over hot coals."

"Boston is a tough race not because of the hills but because of where the hills are. There are only four real ones but they come between 17 and 21 miles, or right at the point where fatigue is becoming a factor. That's where most runners quit. If they get much farther they figure: 'Hell, I've gone this far; might as well go all the way.'"

The favorite question of reporters who cover baseball and football 364 days a year and the marathon only once is: What do you think about while you're running? In training I think about many things. I think about winning at Boston. I think about how much I hate dogs that bark and yap at my feet. I think about my work and have mentally "written" portions of magazine articles while running. I got the idea for one book at the eight-mile point during a 17-mile workout. But during a race I concentrate on the simple act of running. I think of myself as a well-oiled machine, moving methodically and efficiently toward my goal. Sometimes I sing to myself in rhythm to the smoothly ticking machine. When all of its parts are synchronized I really flow along the course. It gives me a sense of internal beauty.

Boston: 7 A.M. I wake up and realize it is time for breakfast, but I am too tired to rise from my bed. At 7:15 the telephone rings. It is Steve Kearney. He has already finished his breakfast and wants to give Rose his camera so she can take pictures of him during the race. "At 7:15, you jerk," I cry. "You just slowed my race by three more minutes."

Rose and I dress and walk to Bickford's, which serves the best omelet in town. Four stars in the marathoners' guidebook. The place is crowded with runners eating their last meal. I order, then cross the street to pick up my number. Several hundred runners are waiting for buses to transport them at 8:30 from the Prudential tower to Hopkinton, where the race will start. I see Jock Semple, the BAA trainer. "This is too much," he moans.

I sympathize with Jock. He absorbs the runners' com-

plaints. When there aren't enough toilets they blame Jock. When their names get misspelled in the newspapers they blame Jock. "I don't mind the serious runners," says Jock, "the ones who train for the race and might finish in four hours or better. It's the nuts, the Harvard students, the clowns, the women, the people with funny signs who bother me. The best runners in the world run this race and the press writes about the freaks."

When I return to the restaurant, number in hand, Rose already is eating her scrambled eggs. "Where's my omelet?" I ask. The waitress looks at me disdainfully, as though to indicate she doesn't serve omelets to empty stools. All right for you, Bickford's. Down to three stars.

Boston: 10 A.M. The expressway will get us to Hopkinton more quickly, but I suggest to Ralph that we drive the course backwards for orientation. He agrees. "When you get to the CITGO sign you have one mile to go," I instruct him. "It's four miles to the finish line from the roller skating rink," and, "When you reach Wellesley College you're about halfway home." Usually the Wellesley girls line the streets to watch the runners pass. Some years ago *Reader's Digest* published an article on the Boston Marathon, relating that Harvard and MIT students have been known to pm on numbers and enter the race ahead of the leaders to impress the Wellesley girls.

We pass several boys in sweat suits hitchhiking to the starting line. "When you come to Natick Square," I tell Ralph, "you've gone about 10 miles. You can tell how fast you're running by checking the clock on the church steeple."

The gymnasium in Hopkinton is a madhouse. I quickly change. Dr. Warren Guild, an old friend, is one of 10 doctors giving physical examinations. He listens to two heartbeats and pronounces me alive. The line outside the toilet is 100 long. There are about 1,200 people there and only seven toilets. I decide to rely on the nearby woods and trot outdoors to warm up by jogging around the high-school athletic field. The sun is shining. I wear a royal-blue sweat suit with KOREA written across as back in broad white letters. I traded for the suit in Mexico City last fall. It belonged to a boxer on the Korean Olympic team. As I trot around the field I pass two other runners. One says: "That's the palest-looking Korean I ever saw."

Walking to the starting line I meet Andy Crichton, one of the senior editors at *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. He says he doesn't expect to do very well. I forget the reason he gave: either pneumonia or a broken leg. Last year Andy and I ran most of the last half a dozen miles together but I outspented him 200 yards from the finish line. I haven't sold anything to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* since.

HOPKINTON, MASS.: 11:59 A.M. One minute until the start, there are 1,152 of us official starters crowded onto a narrow street waiting for the gun. Talk about handicaps. The runners standing at the back of the pack will be 30

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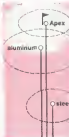
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seconds behind even before they cross the starting line. I give Rose my sweat clothes. Dave Williams wishes me good luck. Steve Kearney has given his camera to Ralph's wife. Steve and I stand together in about the fourth row. Ralph is lost somewhere behind in the horde. Two helicopters *huzz* in circles overhead. Two dozen or more photographers *huzz* in circles on the ground. The three favored Japanese runners are standing in the front row. Kids are sitting in trees. Spectators crowd each side of the path we will take. The starter mounts a ladder and raises his gun. Then everything seems to grow silent. The gun barks and we surge forward like a glacier over a cliff.

Immediately my arms go out in front of me in self-defense. Anyone falling would feel the weight of 2,304 rubber-soled shoes on his back. To my right a well-muscled runner labeled MONTANA dodges and darts in an attempt to reach the front. Obviously his idea of glory is to lead the field, even if only for 220 yards, regardless of the expenditure of energy. If he decks two or three other runners in the process, too bad for them. But the Japanese runners are off too fast and, to my delight, MONTANA fails in his mission.

The pack turns right at the corner. We begin a long downhill descent. I am running faster than I want, but what the hell. Even so, the leaders steadily pull away from me. The runners string out. Soon they are moving in small groups which will not break up until miles down the road. I attach myself to a pack moving at my pace. Or perhaps it attaches itself to me. Steve Kearney had been standing beside me when the gun went off but I no longer see him.

Whole families line the roads as we move into the open countryside. They cheer us without bias. Someone cheers me by name. Does he know me or has he checked my number against the program? There is a loud honking and roaring from behind and the runners shift to one side to allow the press bus to speed by. There is no other traffic on the road.

As the highway winds, the runners shift from right to left to right trying to cut inches off the distance they have to run. Children dart out offering quartered oranges. Slap, slap, slap, my feet dance over the pavement. A tune floats in my mind. "This is the dawning of the Age of Aquarius. A-quar-i-us." I know from past experience that some of the trailing runners will be carrying transistor radios.

They listen to the race being broadcast as they run in it. Or maybe they are baseball fans. The Sox always play on Patriot's Day and Ken Harrelson got traded to Cleveland and refused to go. He won't go, he won't go. Maybe he wanted to stay in town to watch the marathon. Slap, slap, slap. I see someone holding a Japanese flag, but his heroes already have passed.

FRAMINGHAM, MASS.: 12:35 P.M. My strategy had been to stay within sight of the leaders to at least the first checkpoint at 6½ miles, but already they're gone. I also had planned to slow my pace somewhat at this point but I don't do it. Don't ask me why. Perhaps it is overconfidence. Bill Harvey has been running by my side, but he drops back. I look up. Dave Williams has made it through traffic. He hands me a plastic bottle containing Gatorade. Technically this violates the rules. The sponsors provide refreshment points but running in this hot field it is easy to get missed. It is also difficult to drink from a cap while running without spilling half the liquid on you. Sipping water is all right, but Gatorade is sticky.

I take several long sprints without breaking stride, then offer the bottle to Jim McDonagh of the Millrose A.A. A mile farther we pass a runner trotting along wearing a fedora, red socks and a crayoned number. This is one of the freaks who make Jock so mad. Judging from his speed he must have started at 11 o'clock. I'm running steadily but only occasionally do I feel the desired machine-like rhythm. I

slip into it for several hundred yards, then slip out. NATICK, MASS.: 12:57 P.M. I check the clock on the church steeple. I'm passing through the square 10 minutes earlier than last year (when I was in poorer shape), but several minutes later than I wanted. I'm not sure, however, if the clock is accurate. The bottoms of my feet are getting hot. I recognize signs of forming blisters and know I'm in trouble. Damn it. Why didn't the airlines lose my luggage? My other shoes wouldn't have troubled me.

"You're in 41st place," Rose yells to me as I pass. I look ahead up the road and although the leaders are out of sight I can count nearly two dozen runners within maybe a quarter of a mile. Simply maintaining a steady pace should allow me to pass most of them.

But the fun part is behind. The machine rhythm has not yet come. McDonagh begins to slide on ahead of me: now 15 yards, now 40 yards; soon I have forgotten him.



The best in the world compete and the press writes up the freaks.

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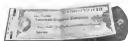
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MARATHON AND ME

WELLESLEY, MASS.: 1:13 P.M. I come
alongside a runner wearing red shorts
and a white top. "I dread this next mile,"
he says. "I work in this town and ev-
erybody knows me."

"What's your name?" I ask, and he
identifies himself as Peter Sipe.

Sure enough, the crowd begins to
shout, "Come on, Peter" and "You can
do it, Peter." They love him in Welles-
ley. His face turns the color of his shorts.
I run along five yards behind, basking
in his reflected glory. Then, on the oth-
er side of town, I go past Peter. Rose
still following Dave Williams' directions
tells me I've moved up to 30th place.

NEWTON, MASS.: 1:35 P.M. I have
reached the hills. The four of them culmi-
nate in the one they call Heartbreak Hill.
Five years earlier I actually left the field
at this point and thought myself on the
way to victory. Then, going up the second
hill, a flatbed truck loaded with photog-
raphers moved past me. Immediately be-
hind it ran Aurele Vandendriessche of
Belgium, the eventual winner, waving
and smiling while they snapped his pic-
ture. It broke me. I finished fifth.

Now in 1989, moving up that same
hill, Peter from Wellesley surges past.
My fast early pace has told on me. The
bottoms of my feet feel hot and wet.
My legs move stiffly, as though I were
running on stilts. Maybe if I stop and
stretch them they will work normally
again. But if I stop I may not get mov-
ing again. My hips ache. My shoulders
are heavy. My arms are swinging too
much. For 17 glorious miles I have been
passing other runners and now, one by
one, they begin to move past me. They
are wearing three-digit numbers. When
the high-number runners start going
past, you know you're in trouble.

I tack in behind one and try to num-
ber his pace. Nothing works. He pulls
away. Another comes by. Three digits.
Slap, slap, slap. Rose stands near the
top of Heartbreak Hill offering a last
sip of Gatorade before she drives straight
to the finish line. I could climb in the
car if I wanted to, but I'm all heart.
"You're 15 minutes behind the leaders,"
she informs me.

"I'm dying," I inform her.

A small boy nearby turns worriedly

to his mother: "Did you hear that?" he
says. "He said he's dying."

I run on under the shadow of a con-
struction crane. Perhaps it will topple
on me. Maybe I can get hit by a car.
Why aren't the Boston cops more care-
less in their traffic control? If I am to
be struck by a car I hope it is now and
not three miles farther down the road.

BOSTON: 2:05 P.M. I am four or five
miles out. I know I will finish. My time,
though I had hoped to go faster, will at
least be "respectable." I might even
make the top 50 and get my name in
the summaries in tomorrow morning's
New York Times.

I have gone into my survival stride.
My head bobs. My arms and shoulders
swing grotesquely in an attempt to move
my legs faster. I am bent forward. The
bottoms of my feet feel squishy soft.
Yet the people on the sidewalks applaud
me. They catch my number as I ap-
proach, consult their programs and ex-
hort me by name: "Come on, Hal" and
"Only four miles to go, Hal" and "It's
all downhill from here, Hal."

Topographically speaking it may be
all downhill, but to a marathoner the
last four miles always seem uphill. But
at least the crowd cares. They want me
to succeed. Oh, a few have short, nasty
comments, but they are in the minority.
Most of those lining the marathon route
behave as though they want every one
of the 1,152 starters to win. And of course
if you finish you do win. Anyone who
has gone through his life feeling unloved
should try running the Boston Marathon
at least once.

BOSTON: 2:41 P.M. I cross the fin-
ish line raising my right hand in a
clenched-fist gesture. I'm not sure what
the gesture means but it seems like a
nice, liberal thing to do.

MILHOUS CITY: APRIL 23, 4 P.M. I
am crushed. Tuesday's *Times* arrived 30-
day by mail and it lists only the first 25
finishers. Japan's Yoshiaki Uetani won
the race in a record 2 hours 13 minutes
49 seconds. Ron Daws finished fourth, the
first American. Jim McDonagh placed
15th. Peter from Wellesley got 23rd.
Someone from Tufts took 25th. Imagine
being beaten by someone from Tufts.

I left Boston by plane several hours

continued

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JOBS is

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Last March, the National Alliance of Businessmen was formed to work with the Government on a problem of critical national importance. The Program: J O B S (Job Opportunities in the Business Sector). The Task: to hire, train and retain the nation's hard-core unemployed. To find and fill 100,000 jobs by July 1969; 500,000 by 1971.

They are being hired.

The first year's goal has been reached seven months ahead of schedule! In the nation's fifty largest cities J O B S is progressing at the rate of 20,000 placements per month—*over double the anticipated rate*. At the end of December, 100,000 hard-core workers

were on the job...earning an average of \$2.25/hour.

They are being trained.

Companies are bringing the hard-core into the mainstream of American business by providing the new workers with special training both educational and vocational. And by conducting imaginative "sensitivity" programs to help foremen and supervisors understand the unique problems of the hard-core.

Extra training costs are being shared by Industry and Government. In two-thirds of the cases these costs have been voluntarily absorbed by the individual employers. One-third of participating companies have signed

working

**sound business proposition when they saw it.
are now on payrolls instead of relief rolls.**

contracts with the Department of Labor.

They are being retained.

Two out of every three hard-core workers have remained on the job... better than the normal rate for all entry-level jobs.

Based on this high job retention level and upon the success of the training programs, *97% of employers surveyed said they will continue hiring the hard-core.* They maintain that the J O B S Program is "the most practical way to solve the problem of the hard-core unemployed."

JOBS is still urgent business!

Success to-date has been extremely encouraging. But thousands of the hard-core are still waiting...waiting for the chance to

develop their abilities; waiting to fill industry's growing need for skilled workers.

Special training funds continue to be available through MA-4 contracts with the Department of Labor. Call the National Alliance of Businessmen office in your city for complete details.

The J O B S Program is more than an obligation to the country and to the economy. It's a prime business opportunity for your company.



National Alliance of Businessmen





Your son the plumber.

We're kidding, of course.

Nobody wants his son to be a plumber—not when he can go to college and make almost as much money becoming a stockbroker, architect or micropaleontologist.

And that's the whole problem. The frustration of having to work in a clean-hands job is driving a generation of young people into some real hang-ups. They're succumbing to a false pressure to become scholars and professionals just to please their parents.

But the problem goes deeper than the family. It puts a real strain on the economy. It provides

us with a glut of junior executives and a dearth of carpenters and aircraft mechanics.

It distorts society the way it distorts the economy. And we end up with a society full of schisms. White collar versus blue collar. Professional versus tradesman. Management versus labor.

It creates false classes, too. By building resentment and fostering misunderstanding.

Unhappily, much of this misunderstanding can be seen and heard in today's advertising. The kind of advertising that talks to

the "mass" audience. Or, to put it more accurately, to the adman's impression of the "masses." This advertising condescends, insults and, most importantly, fails in its purpose.

The other kind of advertising talks to real people in the real world about their real needs. And it talks to people as people, not as stockbrokers or plumbers.

MARSTELLER INC.

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after the race not knowing my finish but when the *Times* only carried the first 25 I called Boston and learned that I was 49th.

John O'Neil went only nine miles and had to drop out because of his bad leg. I never discovered what happened to Bill Harvey. I saw Al Williams in the dressing room afterward, and he told me he finished in the high 2 40s. He looked quite happy. Rose said Steve Kearney came in about five minutes after I did. I never saw him. Andy Crichton reached the finish line in 3 hours 13 minutes. He was bubbling.

Now, two days after the Marathon, Ralph Padcock is at my house and we are rehabbing the big race. Ralph finished, although he too left Boston without officially knowing his time or place. He figures he may be seven minutes inside four hours and somewhere around 600th place. There were 678 finishers under four hours. Ralph says he had to sit on the curb when his legs stiffened at 17 miles. "There was a Harvard student who came in after me," he says. "He only trained for 3½ weeks. He said he ran because his mother gave him \$100." So much for amateurism.

After my finish I walked straight into the medical room and lay down on a cot. The foot doctor swabbed the bottoms of my feet with alcohol, then burst the two-inch blisters formed on each. The alcohol stung like a sword. Now my feet no longer hurt, they itch. I'm sunburned, too. I've developed a bad cold. My legs remain stiff. You always have stiff legs when you finish slower than you start. They hurt walking downstairs so usually I turn and walk downstairs backward. People think you're a bit odd when you do this in public, however. They don't know you've just run in the Boston Marathon.

But as Ralph and I talk, one fact becomes clear. We have both begun to make plans to return to Boston next year. "I knew it even before I finished," I say. "There I was, half a mile from the end. I was hurting more then than at any time before. Suddenly it dawned on me that I would be back. And I would train harder. And I would run faster."

"Frightening," says Ralph.

END

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A recent survey among doctors showed that fifty-eight per cent of the doctors reporting named one particular formula which they either use or recommend for their families.

This medication in case after case gives prompt relief for hours from pain and burning rich of tissues and

actually helps shrink swelling of inflamed hemorrhoid tissues. Tests upon hundreds of patients showed this to be true.

The medication used was Preparation H—there's no other formula like it. And Preparation H needs no prescription, Ointment or Suppositories.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

MECHANICAL INTRUDER (CONT.)

Sirs,

Thank you for your excellent article on snowmobiling (*Read About This in the Gulf News*, March 16) and for suggesting various restrictions on the use of snowmobiles. I would like to see legislation passed that would make it illegal to operate any vehicle, be it a trail bike, jeep, snowmobile or even a horse, on privately owned land without the landowner's permission. With these irritations removed, the landowner would be more willing to permit the public to come time to hunt, fish, hike or camp on his property instead of excluding everyone because of a few irresponsible vehicle operators.

Each of us has his favorite outdoor location for the enjoyment of a sport or just for communing with nature. I would bet that 99% of these favorite spots are on private grounds, and unless we start treating the landowner better we'll all find ourselves shorted out into public parks for our outdoor activity.

Snowmobilers could win some friends for themselves if they would limit clubs, his irresponsible mountain land in the snow comes to me for their sport and then open the land to other outdoormen and nature lovers during the other three seasons.

STUD MESSNER

Emeryville Park, Pa.

Sir,

There was no mention of what snowmobiles could possibly be doing to the fishing. In the area where I live we have no woods or forests, so the snowmobilers take in the lakes. I gave up summer fishing because of the motor boats. Now it looks like I'll have nothing up to June.

MICHAEL WILKINSON

Windsor, Ill.

Sir,

I don't realize just how bad these machines could be until last weekend, when I snowmobiled up West Yellowstone. Motorcycling is Yellowstone National Park Corporation's best revenue generator in the winter. The entrance became a giant traffic jam because of the snowmobilers. The snowmobilers were the most irritating of intruders because they were not even wearing helmets. The entrance to the park was closed to all traffic for 10 hours. The snowmobilers were the most irritating of intruders because they were not even wearing helmets. The entrance to the park was closed to all traffic for 10 hours.

Although I realize that this winter snowmobilers seldom become concentrated in one area, I, for one, would welcome additional restrictions on these vehicles.

ALAN KATZ

Bowman, Mont.

RICHIE AND YAE

Sir,

It is my opinion that the person on the front cover of your March 16 issue has done more to bring to the spotlight the sport that he represents. Inasmuch as he sets his own time for reporting to spring training, the fact is it is a present low lengthly, fails to report on work regularly, holds a mediocre holding average, stands off to the press, criticizes his superiors and the news media and is unprofessional, unorthodox and unorthodox and wastes his potential, it is my feeling that Richie Allen (*1st Base or Hand and a Runaway*, March 16) has a long, rough run to how his image becomes nothing of being splashed conspicuously on the cover of a magazine than I consider the best part of the weekly trial.

DAVID L. FISK

Quaker town, Pa.

Sir,

I found your article *The Team That Fails* (*March 16*) to be straightforward and very informative, but it gave me the impression that a ballplayer such as Carl Yastrzemski, who may not be worth even pennies of \$140,000 he is getting, is here to become a front-office man and to consent in some way to coach manager his team lines. The position Yastrzemski takes as a Red Sox should be playing the outfield and contributing to as many wins as he can with his hitting ability. If it is true that Yastrzemski has changed this year, it will greatly help Boston attain the world championship flag it won in the 1967 World Series. Maybe, if Yastrzemski stays for his May 16 and starts thinking seriously, that goal will not be too far off in the future.

EDWARD N. ZIEGLER

Greenwich, N.Y.

SWIMMERS' COACH

Sir,

Your March 16 article, *Swimmers' Life*, (*Read About This in the Gulf News*, March 16) was a real ruffian in a few respects in the Santa Clara Swim Club. Although this may look as if it's a surprise, I Arnold Spitz, a member of good swimmers have served through their own efforts and those of the coach, George Haines. The behavior of these greys and the Haines club not so great to Mr. Haines can never actually be put down in writing no one would ever believe that one person could be so well liked by so many.

No one has ever been asked by Mr. Haines to join his swim club. Anyone who joins the club does so by his own choice. The club is entirely for the swimmers. Any per-

son who wants to manage or run the club should first get off the membership list.

If Mark had problems in his social life, then the blame for these problems should fall onto the laps of his parents. It should not be considered the fault of swimming, the high school or the swim club. It was associated with the "accidents" Mark had more no more than others received in high school. Water polo can be a rough game, you know.

NANCY VANCE

Santa Clara, Calif.

Sir,

I swim on the same high school team with Mark Spitz and have known George Haines for more than 11 years. George never been alone or distant from any of his teammates. There has never been time when I couldn't talk to George, where about any subject, be it school, swimming or girls.

George Haines bent over backwards to defend Mark when my teammates and I talked him. There was a time when Mark's only friend was his coach. But when George needed Mark most (*Outdoor Swimming*, 1969), Mark was "too tired" to come. Mark never cared how the team did as long as he won for himself.

BILL THOMPSON

Santa Clara, Calif.

Sir,

Regarding the article on Mark (*Read About This in the Gulf News*, March 16), I think almost every swimmer or former swimmer who knows George would agree with me. This is one of the finest and warmest coaches and friends. A young person who is 14 or 15 can make him for 15 years.

STEVE L. COLE

Windsor, Ont.

STORM WARNINGS

Sir,

I'm in touch with Ronnie Dunn in a statement that we've mentioned about the weather and consequently we've about the Rain Forest for the 1969 edition of *Heavenly Bodies* (*Read About This in the Gulf News*, March 16). It was worked out during the summer of 1968 that the inhabitants of that island were to be used by the same dubious means. I'm casting that accompanied *Heavenly Bodies* on a mark Saturday we could expect of kindles. All were intended to be very strong might strike the island. We are being officially excused from duty. It's that time the hurricane had reached

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90TH HOLE continued

intensity that discouraged all but a hardy few from attempting to cross the narrow causeway which provided our only access to the rest of the island. At approximately 12 noon the eye of the storm passed over the island. Fortunately for the people of Bermuda, this was a relatively mild hurricane. But the fact remains that a hurricane can apparently sneak up on an island that supports a major airbase and a naval station amply equipped with radar. Small wonder that a power-hitting dynamo like Carville could hold the U.S. Weather Bureau at bay.

DANIEL V. GREENE, USA

APO San Francisco

HAIR'S BREADTH

Sirs:

In the *SPORTSMAN* section of your March 16 issue, you quoted Tim McGraw as saying, "You know, a lot of bullshitters would wear their hair long except it's not convenient, it gets in the way, with the cap and sweating so much. Just because we're the world champions and good baseball players doesn't mean we're better than people with long hair. I don't think people with long hair should be stereotyped as less American or less patriotic."

Bravo to McGraw for his stand. Not only is Tim a pitcher for the Mets, a Marine Corps reservist and an all-Met flake, but he is an ex-hunter.

MARK MILLER

Flushing, N.Y.

SQUASHED

Sirs:

I read with some interest and chagrin your recent article covering the national squash tournament in Philadelphia (*A Spar: Don or Few*, March 9). I am the president of a small squash club in Lynchburg, Va. with approximately 150 members and a rather avid group of squash enthusiasts. We are average men of average means with a few camel-hair coats but very little else to differentiate us from the common man. We took some offense at your comments concerning the tweedy and camel-hair set and the implication that squash is a game of the affluent and, perhaps, not really a man's game after all.

The game of squash is not only exciting, but requires great conditioning and stamina. It is probably the finest racquet game, and that includes tennis, in the world. It is a superb winter game for conditioning, great for youth in developing timing, speed and endurance and wonderful for middle-aged men to keep in shape with.

R. N. O'NEILL, M.D.

Lynchburg, Va.

Address editorial mail to *Sam & Lyle Bldg.*,
Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

What's new pussycat?



We hereby declare 1970 The Year of the Pussycat. Our national prize-winning drink has become a great success. No wonder. This sunny, orange-sweet sour makes you want to purr. And mixes up quick as a cat. Just combine a packet of "Instant Pussycat Mix," water and Early Times. Ask for Instant Pussycat Mix at your favorite food or liquor store.

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